

# THE LIVING AGE.

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ODD PEOPLE. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

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## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BOSTON.

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### GOVERNOR BANKS' WELCOME—AT THE STATE HOUSE.

"It is with great pleasure that I welcome your Royal Highness to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and extend to you the most cordial greetings of its people. They have regarded with profound gratification your visit to this continent, so auspicious in its opening, so fortunate in its progress, and now, I regret to say, so near its termination. Be assured, Sir, you will bear with you the united wishes of the people of Massachusetts for your safe return to your friends and to your country, to which we are attached by so many ties of Language, Law, and Liberty.

"In their name I bid you welcome. I welcome with unfeigned pleasure the distinguished and honorable gentlemen of your suite."

At the Concert of the Teachers and Pupils of the Public Schools, after a short prelude by the orchestra, the following stanzas, written for the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, were sung to the air of "God Save the Queen," the orchestra and organ accompanying:—

"GOD bless our Fathers' Land!  
Keep her in heart and hand  
One with our own!  
From all her foes defend,  
Be her brave People's Friend,  
On all her Realms descend,  
Protect her Throne!

"FATHER, with loving care  
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,  
Guide all his ways.  
Thine arm his shelter be,  
From him by land and sea  
Bid storm and danger flee,  
Prolong his days!

"LORD, let War's tempest cease,  
Fold the whole Earth in peace  
Under Thy wings!  
Make all Thy Nations one,  
All Hearts beneath the sun,  
Till Thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of kings!

As these lines were sung, the full choir pouring forth the well-known tones of that noble melody, and the audience rising, in the presence of the youth in whose behalf these prayers are raised, the excitement was intensely thrilling, the entire audience seeming to catch the significance of the moment and to respond with the deepest emotion.

From The National Review.  
HORACE.

*Horace's Odes*, translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes, by Theodore Martin. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1860.

WHEN, in our early school-days, we first begin to realize the meaning of the term "Latin lyrics" in the varieties of *Alcaic*, *Asclepiad*, *Sapphic*, and the other forms of metrical rhythm which are approached through the portal of *Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus*, few, if any, among us, can form an adequate conception of the rich reward which is to be the result of the enterprise we are then undertaking. The *Odes* of Horace will always be found a popular lesson among intelligent schoolboys, from the comparative ease with which their general meaning can be understood and approximately rendered in construing, from their shortness, and from their variety of subject and treatment, and especially from the marked facility of retention in the youthful memory which they gain from the strong *ictus* of lyrical measure, in comparison with the uniform hexameters or elegiacs of Ovid and Virgil. But it is not until his first easily-gained acquaintance has been insensibly converted into a familiar intimacy, that we can appreciate fairly, either in kind or degree, the permanent gain and pleasure we derive from a knowledge of Horace. It is only at a maturer age that we begin to translate him, except in the way of an obligatory school-exercise, or to quote him for the sake of the actual point of his lines, and not from the mere vanity of quotation. Most of us are satisfied to abandon as vain the attempt to represent him appropriately in English before we have gone very far; but the habit of quoting him does not decline, but rather strengthens with our years. The country gentleman, the clergyman, sometimes even the lawyer and the doctor, the political or social writer, the orator and the conversationalist, all draw from the same well instances and illustrations, with the same unlimited confidence in the sympathetic understanding and approbation of whatever moderately cultivated audience they may happen to be addressing. Horace is the classical author whose words are most constantly quoted, and received with the most invariable toleration or acceptance, in the House of Commons, an assembly which, with all its varie-

ties of individual character, literary taste, and education, does as a whole most curiously represent and reflect the intuitively critical fastidiousness of our national common sense and humor.

What is the main reason, or is there any single main reason, for Horace's enduring popularity as a victim of translation and repetition in modern days? How is it that his works written for a small and select circle of scholarly minds in imperial Rome, should continue to fascinate one poetical aspirant after another, to serve as a perennial garden-bed of ornament to one prose-writer or declaimer after another, beyond an interval of nearly two thousand years? He might say of himself more truly perhaps than any other Latin poet, not only *non omnis moriar*, but *omnis non moriar*. What is it that makes him at once so universal and domestic a favorite, and so recognizedly inimitable and untranslatable?

Mr. Theodore Martin, the latest, one of the most enthusiastic, and perhaps the most genial and successful, of his English lyrical translators, gives us in the motto which stands at the head of his volume no fresh clue to the secret, while he judiciously admits the fact of the pre-eminent difficulty of the task he has undertaken. The words of Mr. Tennyson,—

"What practice, howsoe'er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice, the richest toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"—

although the narrowing of their sense from the spirit of regret for the loss of such a friend as the subject of *In Memoriam* to the admiration which a student feels for the work of the master he is copying may seem to savor of the genius of parody,—are perhaps as apposite an acknowledgment of the peculiarity of Horace's poetry as could have been chosen. That subtle, volatile essence is so difficult to reproduce, just because it is so difficult to define; and it is the same quality which renders it so universally charming. It has preserved through perpetuity its character of freshness and originality, because among many followers Horace has found no school, no imitator or adapter who has caught the tone of his mind as well as the outer marks of his style. To be another Horace, it is not enough to be able to write fluent, graceful, and suggestive lyrics on occasional

topics. Nor is it enough of itself to be endowed with the same genial laughing turn of mind, the same equilibrium of spirit, the same content, or power of assuming content, in a summary acceptance of the problems of life, the same strict adherence to rule in living and writing, the same mixture of critical severity and charitable toleration which went to make up Horace's character as a man. The perfection of lyrical form is not sufficient without the calm, broad, Epicurean sunniness of temper; nor does this, again suffice without the persevering and intuitive power which secures a studied perfection of form. That conscientious accuracy of expression, which never conveys more or less than the exact amount which is intended to be conveyed, is never more desirable, never more valuable, and rarely more difficult of attainment, than when it is busied upon topics professedly reflecting the personality of the writer. The golden rule for a poet—

"His worst he kept, his best he gave"—

is one which the tendencies of our modern poetry have done much to overlay. A yearning zeal to rush into the public and irrelevant exposition of vague life-dramas and other subjective mysteries is perhaps a natural consequence of the wider prevalence among ourselves of unquiet speculation as to the meaning of this little life, which Horace was satisfied to believe rounded with a sleep. Inevitable as this tendency may be, it is not desirable that its gratification should be so paramount an object in poetry as to render us as writers or readers indifferent to the careful self-scrutiny and patient study of his own work, which enabled the Roman lyrist justly to qualify his poems with the hard-earned title of *operosa carmina*. Had Horace been a more ambitious and professed philosopher, he would not have been so favorite and so immortal a singer. Having once chosen the medium through which he could best express his own mind for the benefit of others, he took care never to use that medium for the unlicensed conveyance of any thing which could not properly be brought within the range of its capabilities. The moral, where there is one, in Horace's songs is so carefully harmonized with both subject and expression as to be inseparable in the appreciation and memory of every reader; and in many cases the real

meaning of a song is best expressed in its leading to no perceptible moral at all. The true work of art, the *operosum carmen* of Horace, is that which has the art to conceal its own artifice altogether, and bursts out on us like the spontaneous growth of imagination or nature.

It is this natural but highly cultivated growth of Latin soil which it is so difficult to reproduce upon English ground. An exotic plant always requires time and care before it will acclimatize itself thoroughly; and when it does so, it is always through some gradual and slight, but perceptible, modification of its indigenous habits and character. The principles of natural selection exact recognition at the hands of literary transplanters as forcibly as in experiments of physical culture. In translating an epic poem or a drama into a foreign language, the path is more clearly defined than it can ever be for the writer who attempts to transfuse into a new form occasional pieces like the odes or satires of Horace. The style of the heroic translation falls, in proportion to the power of its author, and always aims to fall, into a sustained gravity and simplicity analogous to that of the original. The whole duty of an English Iliad or Odyssey is to place before its readers as faithfully and forcibly as possible what the epic would have been if Homer's language had been English, while Homer's mind and age remained Greek. A similar subordination to the mould of his original is required from a translator of Æschylus or Aristophanes. But whoever undertakes to translate in this style a satire not dramatic in form, will discover sooner or later that he has been exercising a superfluous and ineffective degree and order of fidelity. Satire should always address itself personally and directly to those for whom it is intended, as the eyes of a portrait set on the wall follow steadily round the room the eyes of whoever looks at it, when he moves from one position to another. The aim of translating satire from Latin into English is not to show its English readers merely how it was used to lash, and for what vices, the Romans of the time of Augustus and Domitian; but to apply the same rules and the same tests as closely as may be to the country and the ages which will read it in its new form. The follies and pursuits of man, the *quidquid agunt homines*,—the true food



of the satirist,—are in their intrinsic character independent of place and time, but vary from day to day in their outward fashion. To produce a full and vivid effect in their representation and condemnation, the painter must catch the actual folly that at the moment of his painting is on the wing. He may build the modern group on the lines of the antique composition, but the dress and the faces must be those of his own day. This was the sense in which Pope and Johnson understood (and rightly) the duties and the powers of a translator of satiric poems. The same principles apply, but with a lesser degree of simplicity and strictness, and therefore with a greater difficulty of right application, to occasional lyric poems. They must fall in their new language into some form which shall be to the apprehension of their new cycle of readers as natural and as original as their old form was to those to whom they were in the first instance addressed. They must put on not only a modern dress, but a modern face and expression, to be palatable either to those who do know the old forms, or to those who do not; and yet the new dress and face must unmistakably recall and involve the old. Those who read them as part of the literature of the present day must be able to feel in them the modern touches which redeem antiquarian imitations from the charge of nothingness. Those who know the originals by heart should be enabled to enjoy them still more on comparison with the translations, through the opportunity so given of appreciating the delicacy and the importance of the slight touches of alteration, which show at once the difference, and the likeness in difference, of the age of Horace and our own.

Without wishing definitely to adjudge to Mr. Martin the palm of an uniform superiority over the other recent translators of Horace's lyrical poems, we hold that he has in general so emphatically caught the tone in which the Odes are to be translated rightly, if at all, that we shall use his version whenever quotation is necessary, in illustration of our remarks on Horace as a poet and a man.

Few poets could be named whose lives and characters may be more fairly and fully illustrated out of their own works than Horace. The overflow of a man's heart into song has rarely been combined with a more genuine openness and sincerity of heart.

No desire to wear a mask or to speak with a feigned voice, to display himself morally or as an artist greater or completer than he felt himself to be,—is traceable in any of his writings. If the sunny cheerfulness of his mind only beamed out here or there, it might be possible to suspect that the serenity of his philosophy was, if not put on or exaggerated, at any rate now and then brought forward for show. But when the expression of this content escapes as it were unconsciously through ode after ode, and epistle after epistle,—when chords of the most different tone leads up to the same close,—it is impossible not to believe it unaffected, enduring, and true. What is the sum of the philosophy to which this frame of temper is due? It is narrow, but complete. Its main rule is a paraphrase of the law, "Thou shalt not covet"—*nil admirari*. Be moderate in your wishes, your actions, and your thoughts. Temperance is every thing. Holding this truth, man can be happy under any circumstances; without it, he can be happy under none. The changeable wishes of foolish mortals are no true index of that which really suits them, and if granted by fortune, laughing mischievously in her sleeve, are not unfrequently the sources of their greatest unhappiness. The pleasures of the present hour as it flies, and the memories of the past, are to be enjoyed, without unprofitable anxiety for what the future may or may not bring; and whatever the future does bring, it is better, and happier, and wiser to bear cheerfully when it comes. There is a time for every thing in life, and a time to have done with living. From the kingly palace or the poor man's hovel, we are all under notice to quit our present tenements at some undetermined date, and to follow Numa and Ancus, and the *atavi reges*, to wherever it is that they have gone before—to Charon's boat, the further side of Styx, the realms of Proserpine, the *domus exilis Plutonia*, or whatever else old Greek fables teach us to call it; and when once there, we are nothing more than *pulvis et umbra*—dust and a shade. In the mean time, we are here; and we are foolish if we do not make the best of the world we are in. The varieties of human character are as perplexing and inscrutable, and as much beyond our power radically to change, as the varieties of individual destiny. In both cases we are bound

to accept easily and good-humoredly what we cannot alter. Every man is one of a crowd, and should train himself to fit into his place; and then, crowd as there is, there is room for each and all to live and to find life worth living. The earth and its good things belong to no one more securely or inalienably than to his neighbor; and the enjoyment of them is limited both for rich and poor to a short temporary use. When once we have left our little villa or our lofty palace, our cellar stocked with choice Falernian or cheap Sabine wine, the trees we have planted and the pleasing wife we have loved, for the shades of Orcus which loom round every corner of life,—a new generation, a *viacior hæres*, will take our place, and disport itself as strangely and as briefly as we have done ourselves. To our own selves it will then matter not a whit whether we have been rich nobles or mighty kings, nor even wise and philosophic souls, whose thoughts have reached beyond the stars. A monument of those our best thoughts and deeds may indeed survive us in the minds of men; but to the thinker of the thought and doer of the deed it will be all one by that time and forever. Even that unsubstantial gratification, the glimmering glory of our posthumous fame, is one which we must take by anticipation in the present, or we shall never take it at all. Our soul shall no more taste it on the further shores of Styx, than our ashes in the funeral urn, or another living body reformed out of the atoms of which we are now composed, will be conscious of the wine we are drinking to-day. Therefore eat and drink, in moderation always,—be merry and wise; or, as Mr. Martin admirably translates the familiar and graceful ode, *Tu ne quæsieris*,—

“Ask not of fate to show ye—  
Such lore is not for man—  
What limits, Leuconœ,  
Shall round life's little span.  
Both thou and I  
Must quickly die!

Content thee, then, nor madly hope  
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.

“Far nobler, better were it,  
Whate'er may be in store,  
With soul serene to bear it:  
If winters many more  
Jove spare for thee,  
Or this shall be

The last, that now with sullen roar  
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rock-bound shore.

“Be wise, your spirit firing  
With cups of tempered wine,  
And hopes afar aspiring  
In compass brief confine.  
Use all life's powers,  
The envious hours  
Fly as we talk: then live to-day,  
Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than you  
must and may.”

*Scire nefas*. Let us not worry ourselves with peering into a subject which fate has hidden under an impenetrable veil.

With such a creed, with no irrepressible yearning to believe in or speculate upon a future phase of existence as a continuation or consequence of our being here, no anxiety to convince himself that the problem of the universe was larger and more complex than it appeared to his own senses, it follows easily that Horace should have been an indifferent church-goer, as he calls himself,—a *parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*. Why should he have been otherwise? The gods, if they were gods, were to Epicurus and his followers merely admirable as “models of being,” as the ideal of imperturbable mental serenity, and freedom from labor or care. Even were it the fact that they had taken a share in the creation and government of the world, instead of smiling in secret indifference at the windy ways of men, they could give such as him little beyond actual life which he could not give himself. Their nature and their position in regard of man were clearly not within the scope of any investigation within his power to make; and Horace was too much of a positivist to waste his fancy or his faith on what he could not prove. The phenomena within his own experience limited the bases of his belief. Whatever it might be that guided the world, he could not trace in that guidance any such special purpose or general law of providence as should bring his own spirit into personal relation with an unseen, all-wise, or all-powerful creator and governor. The highest visible incarnation of a governing spirit which he did recognize was perhaps the man whose firm hand had crushed the civil strife which for so large a part of Horace's youth was rending in pieces all the civilized world in which a Roman took an interest. Even he, the august emperor of Rome, would be obliged by some superior impersonal power sooner or later to “return heavenwards,” and

leave the destinies of the Roman state to other hands. Duty, therefore, towards the gods, as such, there would be in Horace's view little or none. No reciprocity existed which should give them a ground to claim it of him; nor any fear of punishment after death which should lead him to practise the cult of a superstitious reverence not founded upon duty. But his moral scheme was filled out and predated by the strongest sense of what was due to himself and those who came in contact with him. The touches of kindly morality, rigid honesty, and firm independence, which so often meet us in the perusal of the odes and epistles, indicate a rule of life of which the faithful observance might well send a man of Horace's temper to his death-bed at fifty-seven in the sincere and satisfied belief that he had done what he had been called upon to do. The exquisite lament for his friend Quintilius perhaps expresses most fully the type of virtue which he cherished at his heart:—

"Ergo Quintilius perpetuus sopor  
Urget, cui pudor, et justitie soror  
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,  
Quando ullum invenient parem?"—

paraphrased as follows by Mr. Martin, with considerable beauty of expression, but not with a force of compactness comparable to those of the original:—

"And hath the sleep, that knows no waking  
morn,  
Closed o'er Quintilius, our Quintilius dear?  
Where shall be found the man of woman born  
That in desert might be esteemed his peer,—  
So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,  
Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?"

Openness and truth, unblenching strictness of faith and justice, and the most untranslatable deep self-reverence contained in the word *pudor*,—these are the qualities which crown the man whose death is to be wept for by the good. And for a man's own sake he must keep these qualities in exercise. His duty to himself binds him to forgive himself nothing—*nil conscire sibi*—to keep his heart from all wrong or baseness whatever. To his neighbor his duty is, in a word, charity. He must be a good fellow—*gratus amicis*—in his social intercourse; he must overlook the little failings of his friends, and be blind to whatever may be the drawbacks of their company; he must not weary their sympathies with complaints of the inevitable

mischiefs of time or other calamities personal to himself; he must grow kindlier and more mellow as old age creeps on him, and count his birthdays more cheerfully as they come round and round. Ready as he should be to depart this life at any moment, he should be equally ready to take his part in the enjoyment of all that may yet be in store. The calm and constant remembrance of the possibility that every dawn may have been the last he shall see, will teach him neither to lose the day nor to be over-hasty in the pursuit of pleasure. And when the last dawn really has come, he should leave the entertainment of life (*uti convivium satur*) as gracefully and cheerfully as a well-filled and satisfied guest rises from table. "As gentle and as jocund as to jest," he should take his departure for the place where there is no more jesting. He has had his turn to act, and perhaps to live over his life again in memory. His pageant has come to its destined close, and those behind him have now to play out their play.

Such is the general view of life, its advantages and its responsibilities, which Horace's poems enforce, in every variety of phrase, sentiment, and allusion. It may be, as has been said, narrow in scope, and apparently resting on a narrow basis of easily satisfied speculation; but for all who are content to be thus easily satisfied, nothing could be more complete, more rounded, or more satisfactory, as far as it goes. It is only now and then, as in the elegy over Quintilius already referred to, that it appears possible to trace a shade of dissatisfaction, and even of doubt, coming for a moment over the poet's mind, as he contemplates the idea of absolute personal annihilation involved in the theory which ordinarily suited him so well. It was easy for him to repeat and to rest content in the noble lines of his teacher in physics:—

"Sic, ubi non erimus, quum corporis atque animai  
Discidium fuerit, quibus e sumus uniter apti,  
Scilicet haud nobis quidquam, qui non erimus tum,  
Accidere omnino poterit, sensumque movere"—

as a logical and conclusive exposition of a general and self-evident law. But the sharp and inexplicable consciousness of individual loss in the departure of the friend whose moral image and personality were so vividly stamped upon his mind seem to have struck

Horace, as a similar event strikes some one or other among us every day. Is it possible, that that noble being, that *tam carum caput*, whom I knew yesterday as Quintilius, is gone forever, and gone nowhere? Can it be, that the sleep which to-day weighs down his eyes is an endless one? Orpheus himself could not bring him back again; so much we know, but we know and can know no more. *Durum*; if it be so, it is hard indeed:—and in the feeling of its being hard lies the germ of the recognition that it is impossible. Further than this Horace could not go. He turns to the old strain again. Hard or not, absolute or not, as the loss may be, we must bear it so as to lighten our feeling of it. What can't be cured must be endured. It is not within the laws of our being to mend; yet in the mean time *levius fit patientiâ*.

At the risk of quoting what most of our readers probably know so familiarly in its original shape and in Dryden's version, that they may be inclined to question its new form most critically, we reproduce here part of the celebrated ode to Mæcenas (*Tyrrhena regum progenies*), as translated by Mr. Martin. It contains the gist of Horace's philosophy as applied to the conditions of life; and the success with which it has borne a second modern translation marks the perpetual freshness of the thread of thought, and of the style in which the thought is so carefully entwined.

"Most wisely Jove in thickest night  
The issues of the future veils,  
And laughs at the self-torturing wight,  
Who with imagined terrors quails.  
The present only is thine own,  
Then use it well, ere it has flown.

"All else which may by time be bred  
Is like a river of the plain,  
Now gliding gently o'er its bed  
Along to the Etruscan main,  
Now whirling onwards, fierce and fast,  
Uprooted trees, and boulders vast,

"And flocks, and houses, all in drear  
Confusion tossed from shore to shore,  
While mountains far, and forests near  
Reverberate the rising roar,  
When lashing rains among the hills  
To fury wake the quiet rills.

"Lord of himself that man will be  
And happy in his life away,  
Who still at eve can say with free  
Contented soul, 'I've lived to-day!  
Let Jove to-morrow, if he will,  
With blackest clouds the welkin fill,

"Or flood it all with sunlight pure,  
Yet from the past he cannot take  
Its influence, for that is sure,  
Nor can he mar, or bootless make  
Whate'er of rapture or delight  
The hours have borne us in their flight.

"Fortune, who, with malicious glee  
Her merciless vocation plies,  
Benignly smiling now on me,  
Now on another, bids him rise,  
And in mere wantonness of whim  
Her favors shifts from me to him.

"I laud her, whilst by me she holds,  
But if she spread her pinions swift,  
I wrap me in my virtue's folds,  
And yielding back her every gift,  
Take refuge in the life so free  
Of bare but honest poverty."

Neither the dogmas nor the tendencies of the philosophy which took its name from Epicurus appear to have ever attained any wide popularity among the citizens of the later commonwealth or early empire of Rome. The natural or studied indifference to political struggles or aspirations which accompanied the development of the system in the mind of its Greek founder was rarely to be found among the people who had made themselves the masters of the world, and among whom the scope for personal ambition was so large and captivating, and so impossible of attainment without strenuous and continued exertion. The tranquil and self-concentrated conditions of existence which were the object and sum of the Epicurean scheme, were to a great extent incompatible with the daily life and training either of the higher or lower classes among the Romans. The poor man's philosophy in all times tends to be rather Stoical than Epicurean. A never-ending struggle for life and the means of living is apter to temper the spirit into a proud and set hardness than to fuse it into that equable and kindly cheerfulness under misfortune, sobriety under good fortune, which characterized the ethical system of which Horace was a votary. Ofellus himself, the rustic, self-taught teacher of the poet, is brought forward as an exceptional instance of shrewd good sense and moderation, not as a type of the peasant classes of Italy. Nor, again, was this scheme of morality calculated to recommend itself indiscriminately to the pride of the patrician, or the ambition of the wealthy *novus homo*, or the successful soldier. It is probable that the

greater number of its followers in Rome were to be found among the knights. Mæcenas, *equitum decus*, the ideal and exemplar of this order,—who combined with administrative talent and judgment of a rare degree a self-control and indifference to the active exercise of power still rarer among the influential Romans of that age,—would seem to have been himself an Epicurean. Such is the true sense of those verses of his that have been preserved, which assert the possibility of happiness in existence under any physical pains or inconveniences whatever, and which have been rather unfairly twisted by commentators into the expression of an unmanly love of life at all costs. The form which was assumed by that philosophy in the poems and in the life of Horace must have been (as we know, indeed, that it was) peculiarly grateful to the mind of such a man as Mæcenas,—wealthy, magnificent, genial, fond of arts and literature, and capable of deep and sincere attachment to those whose sympathies were the same as his own. Among the recommendations which such a philosophy possessed in the relation between a patron and his client would be its moderation and its sincerity. It was impossible that Horace should be an interested parasite or flatterer. The influence of his patron, the *præsidium et dulce decus*, would never be used by him indirectly or secretly for the gratification of base or greedy aims.

Our chief acquaintance with Horace brings him before us as a man in easy circumstances, untrammelled by any personal care or responsibility, any special need of prompt action or decision. Under the tutelary patronage of a powerful protector, to whom he acted both as laureate and companion, and who had bestowed upon him a sufficient maintenance in his gift of the Sabine farm,—honored by the notice and, if need were, the beneficence of a still higher patron, Augustus himself,—why, it may be said, should he not have lived and sung happily? It may be thought that under such a star his was a cheap philosophy after all. Yet Horace had not been ignorant of poverty, nor unacquainted with the dangerous excitement of taking a side in political strife and in civil war. After receiving from his father a far more liberal and finished education than usually fell to the lot of Roman youths in his station of life,—an education which

among all its benefits must have made him more sensitive to the social advantages involved in a competent independence,—he had lost the moderate income which had come to him by descent. The confiscation of his whole property after Philippi, the natural consequence of his having taken service under the flag of the defeated republican faction, left him entirely dependent on his own wits for a livelihood. It was, he tells us, the boldness of necessity which first drove him to the profession of writing verses. Some among the extant poems are probably due to this period of his life, but there are none which bear such marks as to be conclusively assigned to it. The actual trial of poverty was not a prolonged one; for it was only in the third year after the battle of Philippi that Horace was introduced through Virgil's means to the rich and powerful friend whose patronage was to color so pleasantly his future life for more than thirty years. And it fell at the time of life at which such a trial is, if not most lightly felt, at least most sanguinely borne,—from his twenty-third to his twenty-sixth year. Yet we may well believe it to have been such a trial as would test the genuineness of that philosophical equanimity which he had learnt to profess from the field-preaching of Ofellus and the set lectures of the Roman and Athenian schools. There are strong indications in his poetry of a critical appreciation of the inevitable discomforts of absolute poverty, *pauperies immunda*, drawn either from actual acquaintance with her, or from having hovered on its verge. A prouder moralist or a vainer man than Horace might have professed himself with equal sincerity ready to wrap himself in his virtue's folds on occasion, but would not so honestly have let it appear that he did prefer a cottage to be *ornée* after all. If the liberality of Mæcenas or others had not rescued him from the uncertainty of the position in which he was placed by the fall of his party, the Satires of Horace might have been sterner and stronger; the genial smile with which he uttered an unpalatable truth might have been changed for a sardonic laugh; but the happy grace and cheerfulness of the lyric poems would hardly have reached the pitch of perfect elaboration which has done so much to render them immortal. Horace might have spoken more directly and more forcibly to the masses of



the Rome of his own day ; but his thoughts and the expression of them would not have remained so long in perfect tune with the sympathies of a cultivated and critical, though narrow, audience through generations after generation.

In estimating the effect which these lyrics were likely to produce at the time of their publication, as well as the artistic labor involved in their composition, we should not overlook the novelty of their Greek measures to the Roman ear as adapted to the Latin language. To our own tutored comprehension or acceptance of the lyrical metres of classical poetry, an Alcaic or Sapphic stanza written after the laws of quantity, accent, and cæsure, by which we conceive Horace to have been bound, rings as genuine and natural as an authentic fragment of Alcæus or Sappho. The instinct which teaches us in our own language to fill out a simpler, looser, and more uniform framework of metrical cadence with the chronic repetition of particular burdens of sound which we call rhyme, is quite alien from any special quickness in distinguishing the comparative adaptability of ancient languages for measures involving quick and complicated variations of time. To the metrical sense of a Teutonic, Celtic, and even a modern Greek or Italian ear, the ancient theory of verse is so infinitely remote and intangible in its logical completeness, that all its exemplifications appear to be projected upon the same plane. It can hardly be doubted that the pervading analogy of the two languages in point of grammatical inflection was among the main causes which rendered feasible the application of a Greek metre to Latin words, while the great dissimilarity of modern languages in this respect from either Greek or Latin is one of the most insurmountable bars in the way of the perverted ingenuity which floods modern Europe with so many hopeless attempts to revive and naturalize a dead system of classical versification. Yet even with the encouragement and facility dependent upon this analogy, the task which Horace and Catullus undertook in moulding the structure of their own language to the requisitions of Greek modes of music was a new, a bold, and not an inconsiderable one ; and such both Horace and his contemporaries felt it to be. His confidence in the stability of his

own monument of literary fame is made to rest mainly on his having been

"The first with poet fire  
Æolic song to modulate  
To the Italian lyre."

And we have Ovid's authority to show the appreciation of his merit and success in this point among the scholars and poets of the day. As in the case of Columbus' egg, the difficulty when once overcome may have appeared to vanish altogether ; although no later Roman lyricist ever solved the problem with the perfect success and apparent ease of Horace. But the difficulty was none the less real ; and its existence involved the certainty of finding at first only a small and select circle of friendly listeners. The tuning of Horace's foreign lyrical "barbiton" must have been *caviare* to the Roman multitude until the tones had become familiar, almost as generally as if he had continued to write his lyrics in the language from which he drew his forms, and in which his earliest poems are reported to have been written.

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the truth of the saying—

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit"—

than Horace's poetry. It is not only the metrical mould that has been imposed upon the literature of the conquerors by the conquered race. The whole style is redolent of Attic culture. The mythological fables of which such frequent and effective use is made are nearly all of Greek origin. The classical landscape is studded mainly with Greek figures, and they are Olympian deities which shine through the clouds. Allusions to the fortunes of Europa, Helen, the Danaides, and Danaë, are more frequent, and more picturesquely drawn out in support of whatever moral the song of the moment may unfold, than references to the legendary history of Rome. Macaulay's Lays give us more pictures of the Rome of the kings and the early republic than Horace's four books of Odes all together. The very phraseology in which Horace utters all that he has to say of what shall happen to the soul after death, is, except one or two words, borrowed from the same repertory of Greek poetry. Tullus and Ancus are treated as symbols of what is gone forever and mingled with the dust of the earth, rather than as personages who once might have had an in-



dividuality of their own. It is only when the subject suggests an allusion to later Roman history, to Regulus or Hannibal,—to that which Horace knew as a political student or observer, not as a mere reader of traditionary chronicles,—that the Roman nationality of the poet's mind flashes out in a grand burst of eloquent Italian declamation. The ornaments of his lyrical structure were in general designed and sculptured in the same Greek taste as the structure itself. Yet the character of the scenery which he describes is not Greek, but Italian. We see Soracte and its snows, not Tægetum or Parnassus. We burn the good logs of Algidus, not the splintery olives of the plain of Athens. It is the broad and tawny Tiber of which we breast the stream, not the swollen mountain torrents of Greece that we struggle to ford. The life, the businesses, the pastimes, which are brought before us are those of the imperial city of the day, although the accessories, the tricks of art, and the refinements of imagination, the episodes, and the mythology, all savor of the academic education which Horace enjoyed, in company and in emulation of so many of the noblest Romans. The arts of Greece have truly been brought in to adorn the subject-matter of rustic Latium. What we see is indeed Italy, and Italy painted by an Italian hand and eye. But the eye has been trained to observe the distinctive beauties of its native landscape by travel abroad, and the hand has been practised in all the cunning and the secrets of the great guild of Grecian literature. Cicero's letters to Atticus appear to overflow involuntarily with extracted or original aphorisms and witticisms in Greek. Yet they are not the less the letters of a true Roman. The same familiar intercourse with a foreign school of thought and cultivation told similarly upon Horace in forming his manner, and equally without destroying his intrinsically national and individual character.

Passing from the Odes to the Satires and Epistles,—from clear and highly pitched musical tones to the *sermo pedestris* of the cheerful and friendly but critical moralizer—we find less to remind us of Greek art, and more of an indigenous and popular style and method. Their different scope admits of, or rather compels, a more simple and flowing treatment. They were mostly, though not

all, ostensibly written for a larger and less fastidious audience, to each of whom the poet could speak in the character of a genial, yet serious, monitor. No words are too plain, no topics too ordinary, for the purpose of showing his readers that a man might smile and smile, and prose and prose, and yet speak a truth which would be worth remembering. Pope's translations, admirable as they are, appear to us to show a more constant anxiety for sparkling point and elaborate terseness than is to be found in the Latin originals. The terseness of Horace's language in his satires is that of a proverb—neat, because homely; while the terseness of Pope is that of an epigram, which will only become homely in time because it is neat.

Mr. Martin no doubt expresses the feeling of a large class of Horace's readers when he speaks of the Satires and Epistles as intrinsically more valuable than the lyrical poetry. It is quite true that, as reflecting "the age and body of the time," they do possess the highest historical importance.

"Through them," says Mr. Martin, scarcely too positively, "the modern scholar is able to form a clearer idea, in all probability, of the state of society in Rome in the Augustan age than of any other phase of social development in the history of nations. Mingling, as Horace did, freely with men of all ranks and passions, and himself untouched by the ambition of wealth or influence which absorbed them in the struggle of society, he enjoyed the best opportunities for observation, and he used them diligently. Horace's observation of character is subtle and exact, his knowledge of the heart is profound, his power of graphic delineation great. A genial humor plays over his verses, and a kindly wisdom dignifies them."

As a living and brilliant commentary on life; as a storehouse of maxims of practical wisdom, couched in language the most apt and concise; as a picture of men and manners, which will be always fresh and always true, because they were true once, and because human nature will always reproduce itself under analogous circumstances—his Satires, and still more his Epistles, will have a permanent value for mankind."

Yet, true as this laudation is, we must confess that to ourselves the Odes are incomparably more interesting. Horace himself valued them much more highly; and while their perfection of art has remained unrivalled in Latin lyrical poetry, the crown

of Latin satire found a nobler wearer in a later generation of imperial Rome. No doubt the age of Domitian afforded more constant matter for a burning, indignant heart to feed upon and turn into the fierce flame of satirical verse than the reign of Augustus. But if Horace had written in the time of Juvenal, and Juvenal in that of Horace, their natures, however modified by circumstance, would not have been counter-changed as well as their positions. The sterner, loftier, and less elastic soul of Juvenal has scored a deeper line with the satiric *stylus* than Horace, and has outgone him in the use and improvement of his own weapons. The question of their comparative superiority as satiric poets is not affected by the palpable distinction between the respective objects of simple folly and sheer vice, at which their verses were aimed. Which of them shot the straightest and the most powerfully to the heart of the figure he aimed at, whether that figure were a hideous or a merely laughable monster, is the true criterion. The powerful, earnest, savage, yet trained and logical precision of Juvenal must surely have struck deeper into, and dwelt longer in, the conscience and memory of his own listeners, than the easy, discursive, conversational grace which marks the friend of Mæcenas. Horace may be the pleasanter

companion, laughing as he chides; but it is difficult to read one of Juvenal's satires without the thrill which sympathizes with the concentrated expression of a noble, patriotic passion under the form of a calm irony. Juvenal, as well as Horace, smiles as he chides and sings; but it is the smile of sadness, and his voice is full of those subdued tears which give to song so much of its charm. Our acquaintance with the personal character of Horace is far deeper, and therefore psychologically more interesting, than if his Satires and Epistles had not been preserved to us. What Juvenal was personally like we can only guess; but yet his heart is more unreservedly flung into the poetry of his satires than was that of his predecessor, who looked upon such verses as belonging to the *sermo pedestris*, and reserved all his labor and art for his Odes. A poet is then at his best as a poet when he most fully forgets himself in the theme of his song. Horace never forgot himself; but the memory of the models he was striving to imitate, and the conscientious laboriousness with which he there worked out the theory of his art to the greatest perfection of form which he could give it, throw the personality of his poetry into a more picturesque form and proportion in the lyrics, upon which he built his expectations of posthumous fame.

**HEBREW WOMEN.**—The Hebrew woman, in her love for her kindred, soars above her Christian sisters. The tender devotion which the daughters of Israel bestow upon their parents, especially upon their father, is full of beauty and pathos. In the dark alleys of the World's Ghetto, when the old Hebrew man toddles home from his daily strife with prejudice and lucre, a wondrous change transforms his face as he crosses the threshold of his weather-beaten house. The furtive glance expands, the crooked gait is made straight, the many wrinkles of his brow are made smooth, the crouching form of the pedler disappears, and the old man stands erect as if he were worthy of better things; the smile loses its sinister grin, and is clothed with genial beauty. Rebecca has kissed away the ugliness of the money-changer, and to see him sit down at his table, after having sent up to Jehovah a

prayer for good luck and plenty of gain for the coming day, and chat with his daughter, who delights in humoring his jokes, is a treat for an artist in search of the picturesque, or for a poet in quest of the romantic. Rebeccas abound, not only in the regions of the Ghetto, but in the middle and highest order of Hebrew abodes. Here we find the daughters, as a class, watching with Argus eyes fathers' and mothers' happiness and comfort. Here on the domestic shrine, all the fires of love and affection are burning so vigorously that unwittingly even the sympathies are consumed, which are wanted to kindle the great flames round the sacred altar of common humanity. Unless this drawback is constantly kept in view, our description of the Hebrew daughter's love for her parents would be calculated to surround the feelings with a too angelic atmosphere.—*Crayon.*

From Once A Week.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Not many evenings ago, some half-dozen pairs of bright eyes were peeping by turns through our microscope. Dainty fingers were pressed into obstinate left eyes which would *not* keep shut, and pretty mouths were twisted into agonizing contortions in the effort to see all that could be seen. "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" together with all the usual feminine expressions of admiration, had been frequent and emphatic, when upon putting the last three slides of our series (purposely reserved as a final *bonne bouche*) upon the stage of the instrument, the common delight culminated in a general exclamation of, "Oh, how sweetly pretty! The loveliest little shells!" Each refractory left optic was punished again and again in repeated examinations of the objects, and on all hands we were assailed by the questions: "What are they? and where do they come from!"

Now, although we all know it is often easier to ask than to answer a simple question, it does seem somewhat strange that we should make a long pause before replying, or that we should feel much difficulty in telling all about so very small a matter. Three slips of glass, three inches long and an inch broad, with as much fine white dust in the centre of each as would cover a three-penny-piece, do not look like a very trying subject to be examined upon: each slip, too, is labelled with the name of the object it carries, as well as a note of the locality from which it was procured; but these do not help us much; the names are long and unintelligible to uninitiated ears. Perhaps if we give them here, the reader will understand our embarrassment; he will at least see what hopeless things they would be to offer as an explanation to a lady's untechnical but inquiring innocence; nay, possibly, if we have been fortunate enough to raise his curiosity, he may not himself be disinclined to listen, perhaps, in company with our fair friends, while we attempt an answer to the questions, What they are? and Whence do they come? The labels read respectively as follows: 1. "Foraminifera—Atlantic soundings." 2. "Polycystina—Atlantic soundings." 3. "Diatomacea—Atlantic soundings."

These are long words, as we said, and

convey to most minds nothing very clearly, except a notion that the fine white dust has come in some way from the Atlantic. And so in truth it has. The three hard names represent the chief products of the sea-floor of that great ocean; and the tiny slides before us contain the remains of plants and animals brought up by the sounding-line from their dark home, some two miles beneath the surface of blue water. Let us see if these strangers from a far-off, unknown region can be made to tell us something, as they lie beneath our microscope, of themselves and the mysterious hidden realm from which they come. We may suppose such atomies can scarcely tell us *much*, yet the vaguest story of their lives and destinies cannot but interest us. From the earliest times there has always existed some strong charm in the unknown recesses of the watery world. Ever since the old Hellenic poets saw

"Far in the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,"

the imagination of man has delighted to people the clear river or the restless sea with fair semi-human forms. The old-world dreams of Siren, Triton, and Naiad are perpetuated in the later legends of Undine and the Lurleyberg; and our own great master-poet has perhaps drawn no more lovely figure than his "virgin daughter of Locrine"—the river-born Sabrina. The most matter-of-fact man has, when lounging by the shore, been sometimes attacked with the strong desire, if not to people the subaqueous realms of lake or sea with imaginary beings, at least to penetrate the shrouding veil of water, and to discover what are the beauties and what the forms he feels lie hidden beneath the wave. Some men there are, indeed, in whom this wish has grown to be a passion. It is not long since two widely known and enthusiastic naturalists, possessed with this strong desire to know, prepared the necessary apparatus, and at some risk of life invaded the sea-god's dominions. Thence they have sent up to us an eye-witness' report of submarine manners and customs, and told us how the world goes on at the fifty-fathom line. Many a busy dredge, too, has been scraping for years past at the sea floor, wherever it can be reached, bringing ever new facts before quick eyes and thoughtful brains; till in these times we

begin to get a tolerably intimate knowledge of the complicated economies of the water-world; at least in such depths as our researches can be made with ordinary appliances.

Lately, one of the most eminent of English scientific men (now, alas! no more), has attempted to map out the minuter features of these regions, so far as animal life is concerned, with considerable accuracy. The physical geography (if we may so call it) of European sea-bottoms is now a science in which so many facts have been registered, and so many observations made, that practically the waters of our bays and firths have been rolled back for us, and the treasures they cover laid bare to our view. But of those profounder depths, far out in what sailors call "blue water," neither poet nor naturalist have as yet much news to tell us. Here the diving-dress and dredge are alike useless, and even the sounding-line long failed to fathom these tremendous abysses, much less to bring up thence any reliable evidence of their formation or inhabitants. The art of deep sea-sounding—which many, we believe, consider to be merely a thing of every-day life at sea, a simple matter of a string and a lead—is of decidedly recent origin. Human science and ingenuity, which had gauged the heavens and measured our earth's distance from remotest visible planets; which had sounded abyss after abyss of firmamental space, and brought one faint nebula after another within resolvable distance; stood baffled in the effort to tell the depth of mid-ocean. Many were the trials made to sound in deep water, which all proved failures. The old-fashioned "lead" sunk and sunk endlessly, and sent up no shock to tell when the bottom had been reached: currents which seized the sinking line, dragged it out by thousands of fathoms, and would do so till every reel was emptied. Ingenuity was almost exhausted in new methods. Charges of gunpowder were exploded beneath the waves in the hope that the echo from the sea-floor would reach the surface. Experiment would furnish data for determining the rate at which sound travels in water, and the depth was to be ascertained by computation from the time occupied by the passage of such sound, caused by the explosion, to the bottom and back again to upper air. The theory was pretty:

but, alas for fact! in the stillness of the calmest night no reverberation ever reached the listeners. Instruments were made in which a column of atmospheric air should register the aqueous pressure it sustained below, and thus (again by calculation) give the required information; but, pressed upon by such a volume of liquid, nothing could be made sufficiently strong to bear the strain, and so this, too, failed. Sinkers, with screw-propellers attached, were tried, in which the screw made a certain number of revolutions for every fathom of its descent, but it would not do. Electro-magnetism was pressed into the service (what errand under the sun has not electrical agency been set to do?), but without avail: the "blue water" mocked at every effort to gauge it.

At length, after innumerable discomfitures, a simple suggestion led the way to a solution of the difficulty. In all attempts hitherto made to sound with an ordinary "lead" the shock produced by contact with the ground was relied upon for an indication of the depth; in practice it was found that no such shock was ever communicated, but that the line would continue running out endlessly without giving the slightest hint of bottom. Casts made upon this theory gave the astounding depths of thirty, forty, and fifty thousand fathoms, mile after mile of line being swallowed up by the currents. The proposal which paved the way to success was this: To *time* the hundred fathom marks upon the sounding-line as they left the reel, and by using always a line of the same make, and sinker of the same size and weight, to endeavor to establish some law of descent. It was tried, and within a very short time succeeded. The mean of many experiments gave a certain period for the sinking of the first hundred fathoms, another greater period for the second hundred, and so on up to thousands. Now, until the lead has reached the bottom, it will drag out the line at a constantly decreasing but ascertained speed; once there, however, the currents begin to act upon the twine now no longer kept tense by weight; this is the moment at which the true sounding has been accomplished, and its arrival will be very evidently marked by a change in the rate at which the twisted hemp descends; for the force of the currents being of constant in-

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tensity will produce an uniform instead of a variable motion, and the fathom-marks will pass more slowly and at equal intervals over the reels. After a few trials this plan was found to give results which might be considered reliable; soundings on being many times repeated over the same spot checking each other with surprising accuracy. The main part of the problem was solved, but there was yet much to be done; though the heavy shot would drag the line to the bottom, it could not afterwards prevent its being drifted perhaps hundreds of fathoms from the perpendicular, and to lift the sinker again to the surface was a complete impossibility; thus though ground was reached and its distance from the surface measured, its nature and peculiarities remained unknown as before. This difficulty also was conquered in the end as our three little slides will testify. A midshipman of the U. S. Navy, and coadjutor of Lieutenant Maury's, named Brooke, devised a simple method by which the need of raising the sunken shot was done away with. Through a hole drilled right through the ball he passed a small wire, allowing it to project some few inches at both ends; one extremity of the wire he fashioned into a little cup, and to the other he attached the sounding-line; the sinker thus prepared was hove, and upon the projecting cup coming in contact with the ground an ingenious disengaging apparatus detached the 32 pounder altogether from the wire, and the lightened line came merrily up again from the deep, leaving its bulky companion buried in the Atlantic ooze, but itself returning freighted with the long desired riches from below. It was not much evidence to all appearance which the witness brought; a thimbleful of white clay, more or less "stiff," was the only product of every cast. Notwithstanding that countless soundings in "blue water" have now been taken, the result has been the same in every case, and the whole sea-floor of the North Atlantic, with the exception of the shallower waters nearer shore, is proved to consist exclusively of this whitish-colored clay or "ooze." In some places it is of considerable stiffness, while in others it "has covered the depths of the ocean with a mantle delicate as the maced frost and light as the undrifted snow-flake on the mountain." Is there, then, no life, no trace of living thing nour-

ished in the great sea's bosom? Does vitality cease altogether at certain depths, and is this mighty water world but a barren desert after all? Such, doubtless, were among the questions first asked by expectant and, to say truth, somewhat disappointed men, as they examined and re-examined that little cup of clay, and such are the questions which may still be asked without a really reliable answer. The microscope has indeed taught us, as we have seen to-night, that the "ooze" has once held life; but evidence is wanting still to determine whether the great basin of the Atlantic should be considered as a teeming hive of active vitality, or but as a gigantic graveyard. For ourselves we believe the first. True, life lessens and organizations grow few and low in very deep water; but so abundant is it everywhere, that we find it less difficult to believe these delicate creatures have died and made no sign in the long passage from their dark home to the stage of the microscope, than that there should be one absolutely life-forsaken spot within the limits of our world; the singular uniformity of the deposits also forbids the idea that they were laid down by drifts and currents from distant sources; had currents only been at work, the results of their labors would exhibit a much more miscellaneous character; but instead of this, every new cast brings up the same organisms, and that, too, without the slightest admixture of any foreign matter whatsoever; not a visible fragment of shell, no sand, not a pebble even has the sounding-line brought up, plainly proving to our thinking that our minute friends have been truly found "at home." These morsels of clay, then, which seem at first but poor waking realities after the dreams men have dreamed of the wonders that were perhaps to be revealed, are no common mould, not a particle of them but was once a living organism.

And now think of this: if it were at first disappointing to find no visible evidence of busy life, strange forms of unknown plants and animals, surely, there is something grandly startling in the consideration of what the Atlantic floor really is. Picture if you can the thousands of square miles over which this living snow-white carpet of unknown thickness is spread, and standing in imagination upon the precipitous edges



of the hills which rise to form our island, look down thence into the boundless abyss some seventeen hundred feet below, in which, hidden from all human eyes, in darkness and perfect stillness, slowly—oh! how slowly—these little Foraminifera and Polycystinae are building up a new chalk world, perhaps the white cliffs of another possible Albion. For we cannot but think that in Midshipman Brooke's "cup" lies the true solution of the great geological chalk difficulty; long have we suspected that the little chambered shells (of similar family to these), so abundant in this formation, were themselves (they and their fragments) the producers of the material in which they appear as fossils. Year after year have geologists advanced in the belief that the cretaceous period, about whose origin there have been so many uncertainties, must have owed its existence to long-continued accumulations of the remains of primeval Foraminifera; and here surely is a proof there is no gainsaying, that the guess was right.

Turning from this wide and general view of our subject, we set ourselves to look a little more closely at these new-comers from a mysterious home, not without an idea that some among them may at least turn out to be hitherto unknown forms of life. One glance of the practised microscopist, however, detects a well-known character in each; these dwellers in the deep sea are no new creations, we recognize them all as old familiar friends.

We have already said that the chalk furnishes us with countless examples of the Foraminifera in a fossil condition, but their living congeners are also to be found flourishing on every shore. Let us say a word or two on their nature and peculiarities.

Far down among the lowest forms of animal life with which we are acquainted, is the strange organism known as the *Proteus* (*Amœba diffuens*); it is nothing more than a small lump of jelly without integument, but endowed with the capability of moving and eating, if eating it may be called. Special organs for this or any other function it has none, but the whole of the gelatinous body covers and encloses within itself any atom capable of affording nutrition, and becomes mouth and stomach both, when occasion requires. Closely allied to the *Proteus* is another genus, which we cannot describe

better than as an *Amœba* invested with a calcareous covering. If we imagine a delicate discoid spiral shell of elegant form, marked with curved and diverging grooves, and inhabited by a tiny piece of clear jelly without organs, but capable of projecting the substance of its body (called "sarcode") in the finest possible filaments through perforations in the surface of its shell, this first principal representative of the deep sea soundings is before us. In our prepared and mounted specimen it is the shell alone which we see; the delicate tenant has of course long since perished, and its beautiful envelope alone is left; turning to our tank of seawater, however, we can soon, by dint of prying pretty closely among the weeds, secure a living individual for inspection, and placing it beneath the lens, we shall see, to quote a good naturalist and accurate observer: "From the sides of the opaque shell protruding tiny points of the clear sarcode; these gradually and slowly—so gradually and slowly that the eye cannot recognize the process of extension—stretch and extend their lines and films of delicate jelly, till at length they have stretched right across the field of view. These films are as irregular in their forms as the expansions of the sarcode of the *Amœba*, with which they have the closest affinity. Their only peculiarity is their tendency to run out into long ribbons or attenuated threads, which, however, coalesce and unite whenever they come into mutual contact, and thus we see the threads branching and anastomosing with the utmost irregularity, usually with broad triangular films at the point of divergence and union. There can be no doubt that the object of these lengthened films, which are termed 'pseudopodia,' is the capture of prey or food of some kind; perhaps the more sluggish forms of minute animalcules or the simpler plants. These, the films of sarcode probably entangle, surround, and drag into the chambers of the shell, digesting their softer parts in temporary vacuoles, and then casting out the more solid remains just as the *Amœba* does." By means of these "pseudopodia" the animal also drags itself along over a fixed surface. Such is the Foraminifer of our own seas, and such too the atomies of the Atlantic basin. Of the Polycystinae we shall find no living representatives in these latitudes, though even if we did, the above description



would scarcely need to be altered to serve for them as well, save in so far as their shells or envelopes are concerned; these, as we have an opportunity of seeing, are of more various forms and more elegant design than those of their near relations, and it was in admiration of them the loudest exclamations and prettiest diminutives were applied by our bright-eyed investigators. And our third slip of glass, what shall we say of that? Its history is a somewhat more involved and complicated matter. Viewed with a high magnifying power several strange and beautiful forms are visible as composing the dust; there are little discs of purest glass reticulated like the engine-turned back of a watch, other discs similarly reticulated and fringed with projecting processes like the rowel of a spur; triangular forms of the most delicate network, and oval or square pieces of exquisite chasing or tracery—surely, these must be shells. And shells they are truly, though these minute objects have never served as coverings for any thing but vegetable matter; each lovely reticulated “valve,” siliceous in its nature and of indestructible hardness, has been the envelope of as true a plant as the tree or flower. Living representatives of each Atlantic species are known to us, nor if we take a casual glance at one of these under the microscope will it be a matter of surprise to any one who sees it for the first time, to learn that ever since the first discovery of the great family of Diatomaceæ (a discovery almost contemporaneous with the introduction of the microscope), their true character and place in the kingdoms has been a subject of constant dispute. These little discs, while living, have not only the general appearance of some fantastic kind of shell, but are endowed with a very marked power of locomotion, which has, moreover, every semblance of being as much under the influence of volition as the movements of any of the infusorial animalcula; it is not then much to be wondered at that they should have been bandied about for years between the animal and vegetable dominions, as their respective affinities to either appeared to their observers to predominate; they are now (we think finally) referred to the latter kingdom, and take place with, or rather below, the lowest form of fungi, as the humblest types of that boundless and magnificent section of creation. Thus, then, we

complete the examination of our treasures, and find that the depths of ocean are, like this green earth, peopled with living tenants and enriched with vegetable existences; widely different, perhaps, from the kinds we dreamed might lie in them; forms, without the newness, size, or gorgeousness that our fancy had prefigured, yet rightly fitted all to the work set them to do, and that work (doubt it not), little as we yet know of its extent or direction, one day to be disclosed as no mean or unworthy example of Nature's slow, sure, yet stupendous doings. We replace our little slides in the cabinet, yet we cannot wholly leave them without lingering for a moment over this one imagination, fantastic though it may appear, to which they have given birth. These Diatoms and Polycistinæ humblest forms of vitality, do yet seem, in those wonderful peculiarities of their coverings (which, until we had become acquainted with these lower organisms, were ever considered as exclusively typical of infinitely higher races of animals), to stretch out an almost prophetic finger, pointing from the sunless sea-floor, where the first faint glimmerings of the flame of life flickers through the darkness, to the coming time (distant, it may be, unnumbered ages) when a more perfected creation shall enter on the scene slowly preparing for its advent. And now does any reader ask, Have we not been pursuing an useless theme? Is there any practical result to be accomplished by these researches? At present, we confess, not much. The Atlantic cable, whose very existence is referable to the facts made known by deep sea-sounding is, as yet, a failure; still, let all observers work and wait; hasty men, with a contempt for scraps of information and thimblefuls of knowledge, will meanwhile do well to remember Franklin's question, “What is the use of a new-born babe?” None can solve that unanswerable riddle, yet there is no one of us who doubts the possibilities that may be hidden in that germ of life.

This we believe to be true. No honest work was ever done, no careful effort ever made to get at one of Nature's smallest secrets without some useful results following in due time. And so we prize our Atlantic soundings, not doubting in the least that patience, continued observation, and experiment will yet bring to our knowledge hidden facts, new laws, and undreamed-of wisdom out of the depths.

D. P.

From The Athenæum.

*A Two Years' Journal in New York, and Part of its Territories in America.* By Charles Wooley, A.M. A New Edition, with an Introduction and Copious Historical Notes, by E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. New York: Gowans; London: Trübner and Co.

THE reverend author of this work set sail from England for New York in the year 1678. His real name was Wolley, and we can see no good reasons for the change which Dr. O'Callaghan, the American editor, has thought fit to make in the good chaplain's nomenclature. Little is known concerning the writer himself, beyond the simple facts that he matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1670, and graduated B.A. in 1674, and M.A. in 1677. In the following year he went out to New York as chaplain to the garrison at Fort James; and after a residence there of two years, he received permission to return to England, "in order to some promotion in the church to which he is presented," as the certificate says, which was furnished to him by Sir Edmund Andros, who testifies "that the said Mr. Wolley hath in his place comported himself unblamable in his life and conversation." He is said to have settled at Alford in Lincolnshire; but the imperfect parish registers there (the entries from 1657 to 1732 being wanting) contain no notice of him, and of his latter career nothing is known, except the fact of his publishing his journal in 1701 (through "*John Wyat at the Rose* in St. Paul's Churchyard; and *Eben Tracy*, at the three Bibles on London Bridge"), with this rather remarkable address:—

"To the Reader.—The materials of this Journal have laid by me several years expecting that some Landlooper or other in those parts would have done it more methodically, but neither hearing nor reading of any such as yet, and I being taken off from the proper Studies and Offices of my Function, for my unprofitableness, I concluded, that when I could not do as I ought, I ought to do what I could, which I shall further endeavor in a second Part: in the mean while, adieu."

The modest admission of "unprofitableness" rather induces us to look kindly on the poor chaplain, for in his days the word bore a signification with which it is not at present charged. We are ignorant as to the

degree or quality of his "unprofitableness," but we know that at the period in question benefices were not invariably bestowed on virtue, learning, and shy reserve. It is just possible that he returned to America, where records preserve the name of a "Charles Wooley, who was admitted a free man of New York in 1702. Whether or not," adds the editor, "this was the former chaplain of Fort James and sojourner at Alford, I must leave others to determine." It is at least certain that the ex-chaplain, when in England, wished himself once more beyond the Atlantic, for he says in his journal: "New York is a place of as sweet and agreeable air as ever I breathed in, and the inhabitants, both English and Dutch, very civil and courteous, as I may speak by experience, amongst whom I have often wished myself and my family." So much by way of identification; and, singularly enough, we are almost led to believe that his male descendants may have followed the clerical vocation of their ancestor, for to say nothing of five "Woolleys" being in the clergy list, there is one, the assistant master of Eton College, who is entered twice, once as "*Charles Wolley*," and secondly as "*Charles Woolley*," variations equal to those undergone by the name of the old chaplain of Fort St. James.

The journal is little more than a tract, but it has an old world air about it, and despite its brevity, gives evidence of its author being a well-read and observant man. It speaks of a time when the province was "poor, unsettled, and almost without trade." The city of New York is described as "small in size and scanty in population; its buildings mostly wood, some few in stone and brick; ten or fifteen ships of about one hundred tons burthen each, frequented the port in a year; four of these being New York built." The annual imports were of about the value of £50,000. A trader, realizing from £500 to £1,000 a year was "accounted a good substantial merchant," but a substantial New York merchant of our days would be glad to pay his wife's dressmaker's and jeweller's bills with that, or twice that sum. Mr. Wooley describes the spiritual condition of the place in a few words. "Ministers are scarce and religions many." His residence in the "great house" at the Fort, reminds us of the Knickerbocker governors and their dwellings. It had been

covered with Dutch tiles, but these were removed and the roof covered with shingles, "by reason the tyles were usually broken when the gunns were fired." A very excellent reason for the change! Here is a passage which will show how the chaplain applied his reading when detailing his experience. He is speaking of the Indians:—

"They have a tradition that their corn was at first dropped out of the mouth of a crow from the skies; just as Adam de Marisco was wont to call the law of nature Helias' crow, something flying from Heaven with provisions for our needs. They dig their ground with a flint, called in their language tom-a-hea-kan, and so put five or six grains into a hole the latter end of April or beginning of May, their harvest is in October, their corn grows like clusters of grapes, which they pluck or break off with their hands, and lay it up to dry in a thin place, like unto our cribs made of reed; when it is well dried they parch it, as we sprekle beans and pease, which is both a pleasant and a hearty food, and of a prodigious encrease, even a hundred-fold, which is supposed as the highest degree of fruitfulness, which often reminded me of the Marquess of Worcester's apophthegm of Christ's miracle of five loaves and two fishes; viz., that as few grains of corn as will make five loaves being sowed in the earth will multiply and increase to such advantage as will feed five thousand with bread, and two fishes will bring forth so many fishes as will suffice so many mouths, and because such are so ordinary amongst us every day, we take no notice of them."

On "customs" the following is not without interest for its concluding notice referring to England:—

"They feast freely and merrily at the funeral of any friend, to which I have been often invited and sometimes a guest, a custom derived from the Gentiles to the latter Jews, according to which, says Josephus of Archelaus, he mourned seven days for his father, and made a sumptuous funeral feast for the multitude, and he adds that this custom was the impoverishing of many families among the Jews, and that upon necessity, for if a man omitted it, he was accounted no pious man. The Dutch eat and drink very plentifully at these feasts; but I do not remember any musick or minstrels, or *monumentarii choraulæ* mentioned by Apuleius, or any of the musick mentioned by Ovid *de fastis*:—

"" Cantabis mæstis tibia funeribus."

So that perhaps it may be in imitation of David's example, who as soon as his child was dead, washed and anointed himself and ate his bread as formerly, 2 Sam. xii. 20. In all these feasts I observed they sit men and women intermixt, and not as our English do, women and men by themselves apart."

We may mention here that the chaplain's book has been edited with an amount of care and zeal most creditable to Dr. O'Callaghan, who is not of the lazy and incompetent class of editors who conceal their short-comings under the plea that further information is not necessary for scholars and gentlemen. Dr. O'Callaghan annotates for the sake of the public at large, learned or unlearned, and here is his interesting note on ancient funeral customs in New York:—

"A family in Albany, and from the earliest time, of the name of Wyngaard. The last, in the male line, Lucas Wyngaard, died about sixty years ago, never married, and leaving estate: the invitation to his funeral very general. Those who attended, returned after the interment, as was the usage, to the house of the deceased at the close of the one day, and a number never left it until the dawn of the next. In the course of the night a pipe of wine, stored in the cellar for some years before for the occasion, drank; dozens of papers of tobacco consumed; grosses of pipes broken; scarce a whole decanter or glass left; and, to crown it, the pall-bearers made a bonfire of their scarves on the hearth.' When Philip Livingston of New York died, in 1749, his funeral expenses amounted to the sum of £500, or \$1,250. On that occasion two ceremonies were performed; one at his manor among his tenantry, and one at his residence in New York. At each place a pipe of wine was spiced for the guests. The bearers at the several places were presented with mourning rings, silk scarfs and handkerchiefs. The eight bearers in New York had each a gift of a monkey spoon (that is, having a monkey carved on the handle), and at the manor *all* the tenantry had a gift of a pair of black gloves and a handkerchief. In a later period Gov. Wm. Livingston wrote in the *Independent Reflector* of 1753, his objections to extravagance in funerals, and his wife, it was said, was the first who ventured, as an example of economy, to substitute linen scarfs for the former silk ones.—*Watson's Olden Times of New York*, 308. These customs continued down to a late period. Prof. Morse, writing in 1789, says: Their funeral ceremonies are equally singular. None attend them with-

out a previous invitation. At the appointed hour they meet at the neighboring houses or stoops, until the corpse is brought out. Ten or twelve persons are appointed to take the bier all together, and are not relieved. The clerk then desires the gentlemen (for ladies never walk to the grave, nor even attend the funeral, unless of a near relation) to fall into the procession. They go to the grave, and return to the house of mourning in the same order. Here the tables are handsomely set and furnished with cold and spiced wine, tobacco and pipes, and candles, paper, etc., to light them. The conversation turns upon promiscuous subjects.—*Munsell's Annals of Albany*, I. 315. Robert Townsend, Esq., of Albany, informs us, that he was told by his mother, recently deceased, that a similar custom was observed as late as 1810, after the interment of General Ten Broeck, one of the most respectable citizens of the state of New York. Those invited to the funeral returned to the family mansion, where a cask of Madeira, which had been stowed away by the old gentleman many years before, was, in accordance with the ancient usage, broached for the guests; and several hogsheds of beer were rolled out on the lawn in front of the house for the free use of all comers. It is only proper to add, that this singular custom died out with the last generation."

We return to what is more personal to the chaplain:—

"In the same city of New York where I was minister to the English, there were two other ministers, or domines as they were called there, the one a Lutheran, a German or High-Dutch, the other a Calvinist, an Hollander or Low-Dutchman, who behaved themselves one towards another so shily and uncharitably as if Luther and Calvin had bequeathed and entailed their virulent and bigoted spirits upon them and their heirs forever. They had not visited or spoken to each other with any respect for six years together before my being there, with whom I being much acquainted, I invited them both with their vrows to a supper one night unknown to each other, with an obligation that they should not speak one word in Dutch,

under the penalty of a bottle of Medera, alledging I was so imperfect in that language that we could not manage a sociable discourse, so accordingly they came, and at the first interview they stood so appaled as if the ghosts of Luther and Calvin had suffered a transmigration, but the amaze soon went off with a *salve tu quoque*, and a bottle of wine, of which the Calvinist domine was a true carouzer, and so we continued our *Mensalia* the whole meeting in Latine, which they both spoke so fluently and promptly that I blushed at myself with a passionate regret, that I could not keep pace with them; and at the same time could not forbear reflecting upon our English schools and universities (who indeed write Latine elegantly) but speak it as if they were confined to mood and figure, forms, and phrases, whereas it should be their common talk in their seats and halls, as well as in their school disputations and themes. This with all deference to these repositories of learning."

Things have not improved in those "repositories," so far as colloquial Latin is concerned, since the century before last; and when Dr. Townsend, the "golden" canon of Durham, had an interview with Pius the Ninth, he had to blush as the old chaplain had when stumbling after the eloquent Dutch dominus.

Mr. Wooley returned to England under a Quaker captain, "who, when he had his plumbroths, I and the rest were glad of what Providence sent us from day to day; our water and other provisions, which he told us on going aboard were fresh and newly taken in, were, before we arrived in England, so old and nauseous, that we held our noses when we used them, and had it not been for a kind rundlet of Madeira wine, which the governor's lady presented me with, it had gone worse."

As not only a pleasant, but a profitable glimpse into a past with which two nations are connected, this contribution to the "*Bibliotheca Americana*" should be as well received in England as it deserves to be by our cousins beyond sea.

From Mr. Thackeray, in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

# THE FOUR GEORGES.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, MORALS, COURT, AND TOWN LIFE.

## IV.—GEORGE THE FOURTH.

IN Twiss' amusing *Life of Eldon*, we read how, on the death of the Duke of York, the old chancellor became possessed of a lock of the defunct prince's hair; and so careful was he respecting the authenticity of the relic, that Bessy Eldon his wife sat in the room with the young man from Hamlet's, who distributed the ringlet into separate lockets, which each of the Eldon family afterwards wore. You know, when George IV. came to Edinburgh, a better man than he went on board the royal yacht to welcome the king to his kingdom in Scotland, seized a goblet from which his majesty had just drunk, vowed it should remain forever as an heirloom in his family, clapped the precious glass in his pocket, and sat down on it and broke it when he got home. Suppose the good sheriff's prize unbroken now at Abbotsford, should we not smile with something like pity as we beheld it? Suppose one of those lockets of the no-popey prince's hair offered for sale at Christie's, *quot libras e duce summo invenies*? how many pounds would you find for the illustrious duke? Madame Tussaud has got King George's coronation robes; is there any man now alive who would kiss the hem of that trumpery? He sleeps since thirty years: do not any of you, who remember him, wonder that you once respected and huzza'd and admired him?

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it: with a slate and a piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like: what they would do in given circumstances: that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom

they hated fiercely; passions, and actions, and individualities of their own. The sailor king who came after George was a man; the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling; cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality; the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.

On the 12th August, 1762, the forty-seventh anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne, all the bells in London pealed in gratulation, and announced that an heir to George III. was born. Five days afterwards the king was pleased to pass letters patent under the great seal, creating H.R.H. the Prince of Great Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick Lüneburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

All the people at his birth thronged to see



this lovely child; and behind a gilt china-screen railing in St. James' Palace, in a cradle surmounted by three princely ostrich feathers, the royal infant was laid to delight the eyes of the lieges. Among the earliest instances of homage paid to him, I read that "a curious Indian bow and arrows were sent to the prince from his father's faithful subjects in New York." He was fond of playing with these toys: an old statesman, orator, and wit of his grandfather's and great-grandfather's time, never tired of his business, still eager in his old age to be well at court, used to play with the little prince, and pretend to fall down dead when the prince shot at him with his toy bow and arrows—and get up and fall down dead over and over again—to the increased delight of the child. So that he was flattered from his cradle upwards; and before his little feet could walk statesmen and courtiers were busy kissing them.

There is a pretty picture of the royal infant—a beautiful buxom child—asleep in his mother's lap; who turns round and holds a finger to her lip, as if she would bid the courtiers around respect the baby's slumbers. From that day until his decease, sixty-eight years after, I suppose there were more pictures taken of that personage than of any other human being who ever was born and died—in every kind of uniform and every possible court-dress—in long fair hair, with powder, with and without a pigtail—in every conceivable cocked-hat—in dragoon uniform—in Windsor uniform—in a field-marshal's clothes—in a Scotch kilt and tartans, with dirk and claymore (a stupendous figure)—in a frogged frock-coat with a fur collar and tight breeches and silk stockings—in wigs of every color, fair, brown, and black—in his famous coronation robes finally, with which performance he was so much in love that he distributed copies of the picture to all the courts and British embassies in Europe, and to numberless clubs, town-halls, and private friends. I remember as a young man how almost every dining-room had his portrait.

There is plenty of biographical tattle about the prince's boyhood. It is told with what astonishing rapidity he learned all languages, ancient and modern; how he rode beautifully, sang charmingly; and played elegantly on the violoncello. That he was beautiful was patent to all eyes. He had a high spirit:

and once, when he had had a difference with his father, burst into the royal closet and called out, "Wilkes and liberty forever!" He was so clever, that he confounded his very governors in learning; and one of them, Lord Bruce, having made a false quantity in quoting Greek, the admirable young prince instantly corrected him. Lord Bruce could not remain a governor after this humiliation; resigned his office, and, to soothe his feelings, was actually promoted to be an earl! It is the most wonderful reason for promoting a man that ever I heard. Lord Bruce was made an earl for a blunder in prosody; and Nelson was made a baron for the victory of the Nile.

Lovers of long sums have added up the millions and millions which in the course of his brilliant existence this single prince consumed. Besides his income of £50,000, £70,000, £100,000, £120,000, a year, we read of three applications to Parliament: debts to the amount of £160,000, of £650,000; besides mysterious foreign loans, whereof he pocketed the proceeds. What did he do for all this money? Why was he to have it? If he had been a manufacturing town, or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he would not have cost more. He, one solitary stout man, who did not toil, nor spin, nor fight,—what had any mortal done that he should be pampered so?

In 1784, when he was twenty-one years of age, Carlton Palace was given to him, and furnished by the nation with as much luxury as could be devised. His pockets were filled with money; he said it was not enough; he flung it out of the window; he spent £10,000 a year for the coats on his back. The nation gave him more money, and more, and more. The sum is past counting. He was a prince, most lovely to look on, and christened Prince Florizel on his first appearance in the world. That he was the handsomest prince in the whole world was agreed by men, and alas! by many women.

I suppose he must have been very graceful. There are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner, that we must allow him great elegance and powers of fascination. He, and the king of France's brother, the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who danced deliciously on the tight-rope—a poor old tottering exiled king, who asked hospitality of King George's successor, and



lived a while in the palace of Mary Stuart—divided in their youth the title of first gentleman of Europe. We in England of course gave the prize to *our* gentleman. Until George's death the propriety of that award was scarce questioned or the doubters voted rebels and traitors. Only the other day I was reading in the reprint of the delightful *Noctes* of Christopher North. The health of THE KING is drunk in large capitals by the loyal Scotsman. You would fancy him a hero, a sage, a statesman, a pattern for kings and men. It was Walter Scott who had that accident with the broken glass I spoke of anon. He was the king's Scottish champion, rallied all Scotland to him, made loyalty the fashion, and laid about him fiercely with his claymore upon all the prince's enemies. The Brunswicks had no such defenders as those two Jacobite commoners, old Sam Johnson the Lichfield chapman's son, and Walter Scott, the Edinburgh lawyer's

Nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled: the dreadful dulness of papa's court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, would have made a scapegrace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of *ennui* where old King George sat, posting up his books and droning over his Handel; and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and tambour-frame. Most of the sturdy, gallant sons settled down after sowing their wild oats, and became sober subjects of their father and brother—not ill liked by the nation, which pardons youthful irregularities readily enough, for the sake of pluck, and good-humor.

The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoebuckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. "It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot." A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. At his first appearance at a court ball, we read that "his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various colored foil, and adorned with a profusion of French

paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are the grave incidents of his life. His biographers say that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters: and societies for the encouragement of geography, astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddlesticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At first he made a pretence of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scapegrace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinions about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth any thing! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them, who shall blame him? His natural companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or a cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They thought to use him, and did for a while; but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies, mere boys from school or the Guards, whose sprightliness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to

the throne has flatterers, adventurers who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship is denied him.

And women, I suppose, are as false and selfish in their dealings with such a character as men. Shall we take the Leporello part, flourish a catalogue of the conquests of this royal Don Juan, and tell the names of the favorites to whom, one after the other, George Prince flung his pocket-handkerchief? What purpose would it answer to say how Perdita was pursued, won, deserted, and by whom succeeded? What good in knowing that he did actually marry Mrs. FitzHerbert according to the rights of the Roman Catholic Church; that her marriage settlements have been seen in London; that the names of the witnesses to her marriage are known. This sort of vice that we are now come to presents no new or fleeting trait of manners. Debauchees, dissolute, heartless, fickle, cowardly, have been ever since the world began. This one had more temptations than most, and so much may be said in extenuation for him.

It was an unlucky thing for this doomed one, and tending to lead him yet further on the road to the deuce, that, besides being lovely, so that women were fascinated by him; and heir apparent, so that all the world flattered him; he should have a beautiful voice, which led him directly in the way of drink: and thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel; desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on.

We first hear of his warbling sentimental ditties under the walls of Kew Palace by the moonlight banks of Thames, with Lord Viscount Leporello keeping watch lest the music should be disturbed.

Singing after dinner and supper was the universal fashion of the day. You may fancy all England sounding with choruses, some ribald, some harmless, but all occasioning the consumption of a prodigious deal of fermented liquor.

"The jolly muse her wings to try no frolic flights need take,

But round the bowl would dip and fly, like swallows round a lake,"

sang Morris in one of his gallant Anacreontics, to which the prince many a time joined in chorus, and of which the burden is,—

"And that I think's a reason fair to drink and fill again."

This delightful boon companion of the prince found "a reason fair" to forego filling and drinking, saw the error of his ways, gave up the bowl and chorus, and died reformed and religious. The prince's table no doubt was a very tempting one. The wits came and did their utmost to amuse him. It is wonderful how the spirits rise, the wit brightens, the wine has an aroma, when a great man is at the head of the table. Scott, the loyal cavalier, the king's true liegeman, the very best *raconteur* of his time, poured out with an endless generosity his store of old-world learning, kindness, and humor. Grattan contributed to it his wondrous eloquence, fancy, feeling. Tom Moore perched upon it for a while, and piped his most exquisite little love-tunes on it, flying away in a twitter of indignation afterwards, and attacking the prince with bill and claw. In such society, no wonder the sitting was long, and the butler tired of drawing corks. Remember what the usages of the time were, and that William Pitt, coming to the House of Commons after having drunk a bottle of port-wine at his own house, would go into Bellamy's with Dundas, and help finish a couple more.

You pursue volumes after volumes about our prince, and find some half-dozen stock stories—indeed not many more—common to all the histories. He was good-natured; an indolent, voluptuous prince, not unkindly. One story, the most favorable to him of all perhaps, is that as prince regent, he was eager to hear all that could be said in behalf of prisoners condemned to death, and anxious, if possible, to remit the capital sentence. He was kind to his servants. There is a story common to all the biographies, of Molly the housemaid, who, when his household was to be broken up, owing to some reforms which he tried absurdly to practise, was discovered crying as she dusted the chairs because she was to leave a master who had a kind word for all his servants. Another tale is that of a groom of the prince's being discovered in corn and oat speculations, and dismissed by the personage at the head of the stables; the prince had word of John's disgrace, remonstrated with him very kindly, generously reinstated him, and bade him promise to sin no more—a promise which

John kept. Another story is very fondly told of the prince as a young man hearing of an officer's family in distress, and how he straightway borrowed six or eight hundred pounds, put his long fair hair under his hat, and so disguised carried the money to the starving family. He sent money, too, to Sheridan on his death-bed, and would have sent more had not death ended the career of that man of genius. Besides these, there are a few pretty speeches, kind and graceful, to persons with whom he was brought in contact. But he turned upon twenty friends. He was fond and familiar with them one day, and he passed them on the next without recognition. He used them, liked them, loved them perhaps in his own way, and then separated from them. On Monday he kissed and fondled poor Perdita, and on Tuesday he met her and did not know her. On Wednesday he was very affectionate with that wretched Brummell, and on Thursday forgot him; cheated him even out of a snuff-box which he owed the poor dandy; saw him years after in his downfall and poverty, when the bankrupt Beau sent him another snuff-box with some of the snuff he used to love, as a piteous token of remembrance and submission, and the king took the snuff, and ordered his horses and drove on, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior. In Wraxall there is some gossip about him. When the charming, beautiful, generous Duchess of Devonshire died—the lovely lady whom he used to call his dearest duchess once, and pretend to admire as all English society admired her—he said, “Then we have lost the best bred woman in England,” “Then we have lost the kindest heart in England,” said noble Charles Fox. On another occasion, when three noblemen were to receive the garter, says Wraxall, “A great personage observed that never did three men receive the order in so characteristic a manner. The Duke of A. advanced to the sovereign with a phlegmatic, cold, awkward air like a clown; Lord B. came forward fawning and smiling like a courtier; Lord C. presented himself easy, unembarrassed, like a gentleman.” These are the stories one has to recall about the prince and king—kindness to a housemaid, generosity to a groom, criticism on a bow. There are no better stories about him: they are mean and trivial, and they

characterize him. The great war of empires and giants goes on. Day by day victories are won and lost by the brave. Torn, smoky flags and battered eagles are wrenched from the heroic enemy and laid at his feet; and he sits there on his throne and smiles, and gives the guerdon of valor to the conqueror. He! Elliston the actor, when the *Coronation* was performed, in which he took the principal part, used to fancy himself the king, burst into tears, and hiccup a blessing on the people. I believe it is certain about George IV., that he had heard so much of the war, knighted so many people, and worn such a prodigious quantity of marshal's uniforms, cocked-hats, cock's feathers, scarlet and bullion in general, that he actually fancied he had been present in some campaigns, and, under the name of General Brock, led a tremendous charge of the German legion at Waterloo.

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how a great society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century, what a silent revolution has been working! how it has separated us from old times and manners! How it has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable gray heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them, and wonder at what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, when he was in the 10th Hussars, and dined at the prince's table, would fall under it night after night. Night after night, that gentleman sat at Brookes' or Raggett's over the dice. If, in the petulance of play or drink, that gentleman spoke a sharp word to his neighbor, he and the other would infallibly go out and try to shoot each other the next morning. That gentleman would drive his friend Richmond the black boxer down to Moulsey, and hold his coat, and shout and swear, and hurrah with delight, whilst the black man was beating Dutch Sam the Jew. That gentleman would take a manly pleasure in pulling his own coat off, and thrashing a bargeman in a street row. That gentleman has been in a watchhouse. That gentleman, so exquisitely polite with ladies in a drawing-room, so loftily courteous, if he talked now as he used among men in his youth, would swear so as to make your hair stand on end. I met

lately a very old German gentleman, who had served in our army at the beginning of the century. Since then he has lived on his own estate, but rarely meeting with an Englishman, whose language—the language of fifty years ago that is—he possesses perfectly. When this highly bred old man began to speak English to me, almost every word he uttered was an oath: as they used it (they swore dreadfully in Flanders) with the Duke of York before Valenciennes, or at Carlton House over the supper and cards. Read Byron's letters. So accustomed is the young man to oaths that he employs them even in writing to his friends, and swears by the post. Read his account of the doings of young men at Cambridge, of the ribald professors, one of whom "could pour out Greek like a drunken Helot," and whose excesses surpassed even those of the young men. Read Matthews' description of the boyish lordling's housekeeping at Newstead, the skull-cup passed round, the monk's dresses from the masquerade warehouse, in which the young scapegraces used to sit until daylight, chanting appropriate songs round their wine. "We come to breakfast at two or three o'clock," Matthews says. "There are gloves and foils for those who like to amuse themselves, or we fire pistols at a mark in the hall, or we worry the wolf." A jolly life truly! The noble young owner of the mansion writes about such affairs himself in letters to his friend Mr. John Jackson, pugilist, in London.

All the prince's time tells a similar strange story of manners and pleasure. In Wraxall we find the prime minister himself, the redoubted William Pitt, engaged in high jinks with personages of no less importance than Lord Thurlow the lord chancellor, and Mr. Dundas the treasurer of the navy. Wraxall relates how these three statesmen, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, found a turnpike open and galloped through it without paying the toll. The turnpike man fancying they were highwaymen, fired a blunderbuss after them, but missed them; and the poet sang,—

"How as Pitt wandered darkling o'er the plain,  
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,  
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

Here we have the treasurer of the navy, the lord high chancellor, and the prime minister, all engaged in a most undoubted lark. In Eldon's *Memoirs*, about the very same time, I read that the bar loved wine, as well as the woolsack. Not John Scott himself; he was a good boy always; and though he loved port wine, loved his business and his duty and his fees a great deal better.

He has a Northern Circuit story of those days, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine. Mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause we have to conduct to-morrow.'"

"Not I," said Davenport. "Leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee; that won't do."

"Then," said Lee, "what is to be done? who else is employed?"

"Davenport.—'Oh! young Scott.'"

"Lee.—'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause, before our consultation this evening.'"

"This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be.

"I cannot consult to-night; I must go to bed," he exclaimed! and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport.

"We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth" (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport. "Don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult." Poor me! who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial; and I must say, for the honor of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their

senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said,—

“Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.”

“There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time.”

On another occasion, at Lancaster, where poor Bozzy must needs be going the Northern Circuit, “we found him,” says Mr. Scott, “lying upon the pavement inebriated. We subscribed a guinea at supper for him, and a half-crown for his clerk”—(no doubt there was a large bar, and that Scott’s joke did not cost him much),—and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of *quare adhesit pavimento*? with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it, to the judge before whom he was to move.” Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, “I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres *pavimento*? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?”

The bar laughed. At last one of them said,—

“My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhaesit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.”

The canny old gentleman relishes these jokes. When the bishop of Lincoln was moving from the deanery of St. Paul’s, he says he asked a learned friend of his, by name Will Hay, how he should move some especially fine claret, about which he was anxious.

“Pray, my lord bishop,” says Hay, “how much of the wine have you?”

The bishop said six dozen.

“If that is all,” Hay answered, “you have but to ask me six times to dinner, and I will carry it all away myself.”

There were giants in those days; but this joke about wine is not so fearful as one per-

petrated by Orator Thelwall, in the heat of the French Revolution, ten years later, over a frothing pot of porter. He blew the head off, and said, “This is the way I would serve all kings.”

Now we come to yet higher personages, and find their doings recorded in the blushing pages of timid little Miss Burney’s *Memoirs*. She represents a prince of the blood in quite a royal condition. The loudness, the bigness, boisterousness, creaking boots and rattling oaths, of the young princes, appeared to have frightened the prim household of Windsor, and set all the teacups twittering on the tray. On the night of a ball and birthday, when one of the pretty, kind princesses was to come out, it was agreed that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner.

“At dinner, Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently; Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, Messrs. Du Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

“He was just risen from the king’s table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness’ language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you in genuine colors a royal sailor.

“We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footman left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceedingly high spirits, and in the utmost good-humor. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

“Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king at St. James’ on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his majesty’s health?”

“No, your royal highness; your royal highness might make dem do dat,” said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

“Oh, by—, I will! Here, you (to the footman), bring champagne; I’ll drink the king’s health again, if I die for it. Yes, I



have done it pretty well already; so has the king, I promise you! I believe his majesty was never taken such good care of before; we have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary;—I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary.”

Indefatigable Miss Burney continues for a dozen pages reporting H.R.H.'s conversation, and indicating, with a humor not unworthy of the clever little author of *Evelina*, the increasing state of excitement of the young sailor prince, who drank more and more champagne, stopped old Mrs. Schwelzenberg's remonstrances by giving the old lady a kiss, and telling her to hold her potato-trap, and who did not “keep sober for Mary.” Mary had to find another partner that night, for the royal William Henry could not keep his legs.

Will you have a picture of the amusements of another royal prince? It is the Duke of York, the blundering general, the beloved commander-in-chief of the army, the brother with whom George IV. had had many a midnight carouse, and who continued his habits of pleasure almost till death seized his stout body.

In Pückler-Muskau's *Letters*, that German prince describes a bout with H.R.H., who in his best time was such a powerful toper that “six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance.”

“I remember,” says Pückler, “that one evening,—indeed, it was past midnight,—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian ambassador, Count Meervelt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armory. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the duke and Meervelt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword so as to draw blood. Meervelt then wished to try if the sword cut as well as a Damascus, and attempted to cut through one of the wax candles that stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks, and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were groping in the dark and trying to find the door, the duke's aide-de-camp

stammered out in great agitation, ‘By G—, sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!’”

“You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence! Happily, on further examination, it appeared that claret, and not poison, was at the bottom of the colonel's exclamation.”

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great prince regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and amongst Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarrelled with the prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place; and now, being a very old man, the prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion, and the old duke drove over from his Castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of gray horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the first gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. “Now,” says he, “I will have my carriage, and go home.” The prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. “No,” he said, he had had enough of such hospitality. A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called, and came; but, in the half-hour's interval, the liquor had proved too potent for the old man; his host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old gray head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and stumbling in, bade the postilions drive to Arundel. They drove



him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn; the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning he was in bed at the prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence; they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.

From drinking, the pleased Muse now turns to gambling, of which in his youth our prince was a great practitioner. He was a famous pigeon for the play-men; they lived upon him. Egalité Orleans, it was believed, punished him severely. A noble lord, whom we shall call the Marquis of Steyne, is said to have mulcted him in immense sums. He frequented the clubs, where play was then almost universal; and, as it was known his debts of honor were sacred, whilst he was gambling Jews waited outside to purchase his notes of hand. His transactions on the turf were unlucky as well as discreditable: though I believe he, and his jockey, and his horse Escape, were all innocent in that affair which created so much scandal.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's, and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken-down senators fleeced the unwary there. In Selwyn's *Letters* we find Carlisle, Devonshire, Coventry, Queensberry, all undergoing the probation. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, was cheated in very late times—lost £200,000 at play. Gibbon tells of his playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting, and losing £500 an hour. That indomitable punter said that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to say what peace of mind; but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play, and the enjoyment of the greatest pleasure but *one* in life, he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an Eclogue of Virgil.

Play survived long after the wild prince and Fox had given up the dice-box. The dandies continued it. Byron, Brummell—how many names could I mention of men of the world who have suffered by it! In 1837 occurred a famous trial which pretty nigh put an end to gambling in England. A peer of the realm was found cheating at whist, and repeatedly seen to practise the trick called *sauter la coupe*. His friends at the clubs saw him cheat, and went on playing with him. One greenhorn, who had discovered his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do. "Do," said the mammon of unrighteousness, "*Back him, you fool.*" The best efforts were made to screen him. People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him; but he would cheat, and they were obliged to find him out. Since that day, when my lord's shame was made public, the gaming-table has lost all its splendor. Shabby Jews and blacklegs prowled about race-courses and tavern parlors, and now and then inveigle silly yokels with greasy packs of cards in railroad cars; but play is a deposed goddess, her worshippers bankrupt and her table in rags.

So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but, being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer's widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. "But, nevertheless,"—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on pugilism I have the honor to possess),—"he thought it a manly and decided English feature, which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives' Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire." That gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation;—at ease in a royal dressing-gown;—too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles: how Cribb

punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken.

Where my prince *did* actually distinguish was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House—fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of that sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England; and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no gambling now but amongst obscure ruffians; of no boxing but amongst the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the parks in London last year; but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long,—where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers, who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.

The bravery of the Brunswicks, that all the family must have it, that George possessed it, are points which all English writers have agreed to admit; and yet I cannot see how George IV. should have been endowed with this quality. Swaddled in feather-beds all his life, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking, his education was quite unlike that of his tough old progenitors. His grandsires had confronted hardship and war, and ridden up and fired their pistols undaunted into the face of death. His father had conquered luxury, and overcome indolence. Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furnituremongers, and opera dancers. What muscle would not grow flaccid in such a life—a life that was never strung up to any action—an endless Capua without any campaign—all fiddling, and flowers, and feasting, and flattery, and folly? When George III. was pressed by the Catholic question and the India Bill, he said he would retire to Hanover rather than yield upon either point; and he would have done what he said. But, before yielding, he was determined to fight his ministers and Parliament: and he did and he beat them. The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that

side; the grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his *Memoirs*, what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honor, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's *Memoirs*. He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behavior more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!

Many of my hearers no doubt have journeyed to the pretty old town of Brunswick, in company with that most worthy, prudent, and polite gentleman, the Earl of Malmesbury, and fetched away the Princess Caroline for her longing husband, the Prince of Wales. Old Queen Charlotte would have her eldest son marry a niece of her own, that famous Louisa of Strelitz, afterwards Queen of Prussia, and who shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune. But George III. had a niece at Brunswick: she was a richer princess than her Serene Highness of Strelitz: in fine, the Princess Caroline was selected to marry the heir to the English throne. We follow my Lord Malmesbury in quest of her; we are introduced to her illustrious father and royal mother; we witness the balls and fêtes of the old court; we are presented to the princess herself, with her fair hair, her blue eyes, and her impertinent shoulders—a lively, bouncing, romping princess, who takes the advice of her courtly English mentor most generously and kindly. We can be present at her very toilette, if we like, regarding which, and for very good reasons, the British courtier implores her to be

particular. What a strange court! What a queer privacy of morals and manners do we look into! Shall we regard it as preachers and moralists, and cry, Woe, against the open vice and selfishness and corruption; or look at it as we do at the king in the pantomime, with his pantomime wife, and pantomime courtiers, whose big heads he knocks together, whom he pokes with his pantomime sceptre, whom he orders to prison under the guard of his pantomime beefeaters, as he sits down to dine on his pantomime pudding? It is grave, it is sad, it is theme most curious for moral and political speculation; it is monstrous, grotesque, laughable, with its prodigious littlenesses, etiquettes, ceremonials, sham moralities; it is as serious as a sermon, and as absurd and outrageous as Punch's puppet-show.

Malmesbury tells us of the private life of the duke, Princess Caroline's father, who was to die, like his warlike son, in arms against the French; presents us to his courtiers, his favorite; his duchess, George III.'s sister, a grim old princess, who took the British envoy aside, and told him wicked old stories of wicked old dead people and times; who came to England afterwards when her nephew was regent, and lived in a shabby furnished lodging, old and dingy, and deserted, and grotesque, but somehow royal. And we go with him to the duke to demand the princess' hand in form, and we hear the Brunswick guns fire their adieux of salute, as H.R.H. the Princess of Wales departs in the frost and snow; and we visit the domains of the Prince Bishop of Osnaburg—the Duke of York of our early time; and we dodge about from the French revolutionists, whose ragged legions are pouring over Holland and Germany, and gayly tramping down the old world to the tune of *ga ira*; and we take shipping at Slade, and we land at Greenwich, where the princess' ladies, and the prince's ladies are in waiting to receive her royal highness.

What a history follows! Arrived in London, the bridegroom hastened eagerly to receive his bride. When she was first presented to him, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning round to me, said,—

“Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.”

I said, “Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?”

Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath, “No; I will go to the queen.”

What could be expected from a wedding which had such a beginning—from such a bridegroom and such a bride? I am not going to carry you through the scandal of that story, or follow the poor princess through all her vagaries; her balls and her dances, her travels to Jerusalem and Naples, her jigs and her junketings and her tears. As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, and protected, and pitied her. “God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you,” said a mechanic one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring that husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart. Was hers the only one he had wounded? Steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and manly enduring love,—had it not survived remorse, was it not accustomed to desertion?

Malmesbury gives us the beginning of the marriage story;—how the prince reeled into chapel to be married; how he hiccupped out his vows of fidelity—you know how he kept them; how he pursued the woman whom he had married; to what a state he brought her; with what blows he struck her; with what malignity he pursued her; what his treatment of his daughter was; and what his own life. He the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George.

No, thank God, we can tell of better gentlemen; and whilst our eyes turn away, shocked, from this monstrous image of pride, vanity, weakness, they may see in that England over which the last George pretended to reign, some who merit indeed the title of gentlemen, some who make our hearts beat when we hear their names, and whose memory we fondly salute when that of yonder imperial manikin is tumbled into oblivion. I will take men of my own profession of letters. I will take Walter Scott, who loved

the king, and who was his sword and buckler, and championed him like that brave Highlander in his own story, who fights round his craven chief. What a good gentleman! What a friendly soul, what a generous hand, what an amiable life was that of the noble Sir Walter! I will take another man of letters, whose life I admire even more,—an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling which he had chosen, refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favor;—I mean *Robert Southey*. We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism nay, we begin to forget it and his politics: but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us, as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life. "If your feelings are like mine," he writes to his wife, "I will not go to Lisbon without you, or I will stay at home, and not part from you. For though not unhappy when away, still without you I am not happy. For your sake, as well as my own and little Edith's, I will not consent to any separation; the growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences, to be given up for any light inconvenience on your part or mine. . . . On these things we will talk at leisure; only, dear, dear Edith, *we must not part!*"

This was a poor literary gentleman. The First Gentleman in Europe had a wife and daughter too. Did he love them so? Was he faithful to them? Did he sacrifice ease for them, or show them the sacred examples of religion and honor? Heaven gave the great English prodigal no such good fortune. Peel proposed to make a baronet of Southey; and to this advancement the king agreed. The poet nobly rejected the offered promotion.

"I have," he wrote, "a pension of £200

a year, conferred upon me by the good offices of my old friend C. Wynn, and I have the laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for £3,000, which, with an earlier insurance, is the sole provision I have made for my family. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for, having also something better in view, and never, therefore, having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by any thing. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition may show how unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank which, so greatly to my honor, you have solicited for me."

How noble his poverty is, compared to the wealth of his master! His acceptance even of a pension was made the object of his opponents' satire: but think of the merit and modesty of this state pensioner; and that other enormous drawer of public money, who receives £100,000 a year, and comes to Parliament with a request for £650,000 more!

Another true knight of those days was Cuthbert Collingwood; and I think, since Heaven made gentlemen, there is no record of a better one than that. Of brighter deeds, I grant you, we may read performed by others; but where of a nobler, kinder, more beautiful life of duty, of a gentler, truer heart? Beyond dazzle of success and blaze of genius, I fancy shining a hundred and a hundred times higher, the sublime purity of Collingwood's gentle glory. His heroism stirs British hearts when we recall it. His love, and goodness, and piety make one thrill with happy emotion. As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected, how the old English word comes up, and that old English feeling of what I should like to call Christian honor! What gentlemen they were, what great hearts they had! "We can, my dear Coll," writes Nelson to him, "have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view,—that of meeting the enemy, and getting a glorious peace for our country." At Trafalgar, when the *Royal Sovereign* was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood: "See how that

noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led into the fight, he said: "What would Nelson give to be here!"

After the action of the 1st of June, he writes: "We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birthday*, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line, was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn, we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two ahead of the French admiral, so we had to go through his fire and that of two ships next to him, and received all their broadsides two or three times, before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ears would outdo their parish bells."

There are no words to tell what the heart feels in reading the simple phrases of such a hero. Here is victory and courage, but love sublimer and superior. Here is a Christian soldier spending the night before battle in watching and preparing for the succeeding day, thinking of his dearest home, and sending many blessings forth to his Sarah, "lest he should never bless her more." Who would not say Amen to his supplications? It was a benediction to his country—the prayer of that intrepid loving heart.

We have spoken of a good soldier and good men of letters as specimens of English gentlemen of the age just past: may we not also—many of my elder hearers, I am sure, have read, and fondly remember his delight-

ful story—speak of a good divine, and mention Reginald Heber as one of the best of English gentlemen? The charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hoderel, "counselling his people in their troubles, advising them in their difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at their sick-beds at the hazard of his own life; exhorting, encouraging where there was need; where there was strife the peacemaker; where there was want the free giver."

When the Indian bishopric was offered to him he refused at first; but after communing with himself (and committing his case to the quarter whither such pious men are wont to carry their doubts), he withdrew his refusal, and prepared himself for his mission and to leave his beloved parish. "Little children, love one another, and forgive one another," were the last sacred words he said to his weeping people. He parted with them, knowing, perhaps, he should see them no more. Like those other good men of whom we have just spoken, love and duty were his life's aim. Happy he, happy they who were so gloriously faithful to both! He writes, to his wife those charming lines on his journey:—

"If thou, my love, wert by my side, my babies  
at my knee,  
How gladly would our pinnace glide o'er  
Gunga's mimic sea!

"I miss thee at the dawning gray, when, on  
our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay and woo the  
cooler wind.

"I miss thee when by Gunga's stream my twilight steps I guide;  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam I miss  
thee by my side.

"I spread my books, my pencil try, the lingering noon to cheer:  
But miss thy kind, approving eye, thy meek,  
attentive ear.

"But when of morn and eve the star beholds  
me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far, thy prayers  
ascend for me.

"Then on! then on! where duty leads my  
course be onward still,—  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads, o'er  
bleak Almorah's hill.



"That course nor Delhi's kingly gates, nor  
wild Malwah detain,  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits by yonder  
western main.

"Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
across the dark blue sea:  
But ne'er were hearts so blithe and gay as  
there shall meet in thee!"

Is it not Collingwood and Sarah, and Southey  
and Edith? His affection is part of his life.  
What were life without it? Without love,  
I can fancy no gentleman.

How touching is a remark Heber makes  
in his *Travels through India*, that on inquir-  
ing of the natives at a town, which of the  
governors of India stood highest in the  
opinion of the people, he found that, though  
Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were  
honored as the two greatest men who had  
ever ruled this part of the world, the people  
spoke with chief affection of Judge Cleaveland,  
who had died, aged twenty-nine, in  
1784. The people have built a monument  
over him, and still hold a religious feast in  
his memory. So does his own country still  
tend with a heart's regard the memory of  
the gentle Heber.

And Cleaveland died in 1784, and is still  
loved by the heathen, is he? Why, that  
year 1784 was remarkable in the life of our  
friend the First Gentleman of Europe. Do  
you not know that he was twenty-one in that  
year, and opened Carlton House with a grand  
ball to the nobility and gentry, and doubt-  
less wore that lovely pink coat which we  
have described. I was eager to read about  
the ball, and looked to the old magazines  
for information. The entertainment took  
place on the 10th February. In the *Eu-  
ropean Magazine* of March, 1784, I came  
straightway upon it:—

"The alterations at Carlton House being  
finished, we lay before our readers a descrip-  
tion of the state apartments as they appeared  
on the 10th instant, when H.R.H. gave a  
grand ball to the principal nobility and gen-  
try. . . . The entrance to the state room  
fills the mind with an inexpressible idea of  
greatness and splendor.

"The state chair is of a gold frame, cover-  
ed with crimson damask; on each corner  
of the feet is a lion's head, expressive of for-  
titude and strength; the feet of the chair  
have serpents twining round them, to denote  
wisdom. Facing the throne, appears the  
helmet of Minerva; and over the windows,

glory is represented by a Saint George with  
a superb gloria.

"But the saloon may be styled the *chef  
d'œuvre*, and in every ornament discovers  
great invention. It is hung with a figured  
lemon satin. The window curtains, sofas,  
and chairs are of the same color. The ceil-  
ing is ornamented with emblematical paint-  
ings, representing the Graces and Muses, to-  
gether with Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, and  
Paris. Two *ormolu* chandeliers are placed  
here. It is impossible by expression, to do  
justice to the extraordinary workmanship, as  
well as design, of the ornaments. They each  
consist of a palm, branching out in five di-  
rections for the reception of lights. A beau-  
tiful figure of a rural nymph is represented  
entwining the stems of the tree with wreaths  
of flowers. In the centre of the room is a  
rich chandelier. To see this apartment *dans  
son plus beau jour*, it should be viewed in  
the glass over the chimney-piece. The range  
of apartments from the saloon to the ball-  
room, when the doors are open, formed one  
of the grandest spectacles that ever was be-  
held."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for the very  
same month and year—March, 1784, is an  
account of another festival, in which another  
great gentleman of English extraction is rep-  
resented as taking a principal share:—

"According to order, H.E. the Com-  
mander-in-Chief was admitted to a public  
audience of Congress; and, being seated,  
the president, after a pause, informed him  
that the United States assembled were ready  
to receive his communications. Whereupon  
he arose, and spoke as follows:—

"Mr. President,—The great events on  
which my resignation depended having at  
length taken place, I present myself before  
Congress to surrender into their hands the  
trust committed to me, and to obtain the in-  
dulgence of retiring from the service of my  
country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our inde-  
pendence and sovereignty, I resign the ap-  
pointment I accepted with diffidence; which,  
however, was superseded by a confidence in  
the rectitude of our cause, the support of  
the supreme power of the nation, and the  
patronage of Heaven. I close this last act  
of my official life, by commending the in-  
terests of our dearest country to the protec-  
tion of Almighty God, and those who have  
the superintendence of them to his holy  
keeping. Having finished the work assigned  
me, I retire from the great theatre of action;  
and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this  
august body under whose orders I have so

long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.' To which the president replied :—

"Sir, having defended the standard of liberty in the New World, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and those who feel, oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages."

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed ;—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire ;—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unapproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to

have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty. The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.,—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritor of his sceptre, a wiser rule, and a life as honorable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.

**AUTUMN ON THE THAMES.**—No gardens of ancient or modern times can compare with the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew for the innumerable variety and number of foreign plants, rare and majestic native trees and exotic ferns, thriving in health and marvellous beauty within its ample domain. To the young artist and artificial florist desirous of making progress in their calling, the months of September and October offer a most favorable opportunity for the study of foliage in all its endless variety of form, size, and hue; the lover of nature, too, in one of her most beautiful aspects, and the admirer of gorgeous coloring, may, also, at this season of the year, enjoy a treat of the very highest order, as the old and new arboretums, the pinetum, and many of the conservatories are brilliant with a thousand exquisite tints, the whole forming a series of sylvan pictures, rich with excess of beauty, forcibly reminding visitors of the departing glories of ancient Sherwood and the grandeur and magnificence of American primeval forest scenery during the fall of the leaf, or Indian summer, of that vast continent. Standing on the western terrace of the great tropical Palm-house, gilded by the setting sunbeams of a fine autumnal cloudless sky, the matchless view, embracing the whole of the extensive amphitheatre, enclosing the new arboretum with its floral temples,

groups of patriarchal elms, lofty pines, stately oaks, spreading cedars, woodland glades, and noble avenues, bounded by the calm, flowing river, which seen at high water from an eminence (Victoria Mount), has the appearance of an extensive serpentine lake—the stream, reflecting the bright azure of the lovely sky, realizes the idea of a splendid sheet of lapis lazuli, or an immense turquoise, enwreathed with emeralds, variegated with the most costly gems—is beautiful and picturesque almost beyond the power of language to depict; no written description can convey to the reader its enchanting loveliness and surpassing beauty; the prospect, from its magnitude, loneliness, and solitude, approaches sublimity—it must be seen to be enjoyed and appreciated. This glorious and perfect panorama is universally allowed by competent judges to be unrivalled as a specimen of English landscape gardening and river scenery throughout the world.—*Athenæum*.

THE prize of one hundred guineas for the best set of outline drawings illustrating the "Idylls of the King," has been awarded by the Art-Union of London to Mr. Paolo Priolo, an Italian artist, resident in Edinburgh. Mr. Alexander Rowann and Mr. E. Corbould obtained the distinction of the second prize of twenty guineas each.

## MOTLEY, THE HISTORIAN, AND HIS NEW WORK.

THE most successful living historian, is Mr. John Lothrop Motley, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Few books have attained a more sudden fame, or won for their writers more distinguished honors. The chief characteristic of the work is its earnest Protestantism; and herein, perhaps, lies the secret of its success, especially in England. The *London Quarterly*, the *British Critic*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, the *dix majores*, and the *Examiner*, the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, with others, *dix minores*, on the Olympian heights of criticism, unite in announcing Mr. Motley as one of the first of modern and the greatest of American historians. The university of Oxford has conferred on him the degree of D. C. L. He has been dined and toasted in London; invited to the houses of the aristocracy; received by majesty, and lionized generally in the most remarkable, and at the same time acceptable, manner; because on terms of perfect equality. He has not been patronized. He has been, as it were, *patented* into the social and literary nobility of England.

His honesty of literary purpose, his high integrity of personal character, his courage, his frankness, his sincerity, no less than his brilliant talents, his felicitous style, and his flowing narrative, imbued as it is with all the charms of romance, have given so soon to Mr. Motley that *status* among historians which other writers have been spending vain years to attain. That he happens also to have been born, bred, and educated a gentleman, is another of his many advantages, and, perhaps, after all, the readiest cause of his success. It may be said, "in sorrow more than anger," that few Americans, who have become famous in foreign countries, have so deported themselves personally as to show tokens of that gentle breeding which Europeans so justly appreciate.

Mr. Motley was a Boston boy, and he is forty-six years of age. In Boston still reside his family connections, at the head of whom are his father and mother, still living at a venerable and venerated age. Mr. Thomas Motley, his father, was long known in Massachusetts as a merchant of the first stamp—as a man of unstained probity and purity of character—as a man, moreover, of wit and humor, who contributed many a readable and

entertaining article to the press. For many years retired from active pursuits, in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, best beloved and respected by those to whom he is best known, the father of the historian rejoices in the fame of his son, and the twilight of his fading life catches a golden tint from the radiance of the rising star. The "solid men of Boston," of whom Mr. Motley, senior, was a cherished contemporary, are almost all of them sleeping under marble at Mount Auburn. He is among the very few survivors. At this moment we recall but one other, existing in his great old age, esteemed, admired, and revered—the most excellent, learned, and honorable James Savage.

Both Mr. Savage and Mr. Motley were the intimate friends of Daniel Webster. Mr. Webster extended his friendship to the junior Motley; though he was then simply known as a young man of promise. Mr. Webster caused him to be appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court at St. Petersburg, during the brief period of General Harrison's administration. By reason of some delay on the part of Col. Todd, the minister, young Motley went alone to Russia, was obliged to act as *chargé d'affaires*, and, for a year to represent the American government near the Emperor Nicholas.

Soon after Col. Todd's dilatory arrival, Mr. Motley resigned his secretaryship and returned home to Boston. There he was met by the sad intelligence of the death of his only son—a most bright and lovely child, whom he had left with much reluctance, and for whom his heart had sighed while absent.

Overcome by this event, and governed by his love of studious retirement, he passed a quiet decade in a rural residence, "with books and calm philosophy." At last, prompted by a reviving desire for work and action, and inspired by a laudable ambition, Mr. Motley removed with his family to Europe, and there resided for several years, devoting all his energies to the writing of the work which has so crowned him with a perdurable renown. Three years since he returned to Massachusetts, with an intention of remaining permanently; but, finding in the libraries of this country few facilities for the prosecution of his continued historical labors, he was constrained again to go abroad. He has since been in Germany, and France, and England (and each country has vied in doing him honor), engaged in the preparation of a new

work, extended from the close of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and the death of William of Orange, entitled "A History of the United Netherlands." To make the British copyright secure, this work has been first put to press in London, where it is announced as nearly ready for publication. Shortly af-

ter its issue on the other side, it will doubtless be published by the same distinguished house, on whose lists the first work is now recorded as a standard. The public expectation will be largely disappointed if the new history shall fail to enhance its author's reputation, and add richly to the treasures of historic lore.—*New York World*.

**EXTINCT TITLES.**—The Duke of Devonshire found it necessary to construct a door of sham books for the entrance of a library of Chatsworth. He was tired of the hackneyed "Plain Dealings," "Essays on Wood," and "Perpetual Motion" on such doors, and asked the late Thos. Hood to give him some new titles. The result was this wonderful list:—

**TITLES FOR THE LIBRARY DOOR, CHATSWORTH.**

On the Lung Arno in Consumption. By D. Cline.

Dante's Inferno; or, Description of Van Demon's Land.

The Racing Calendar, with the Eclipses for 1831.

Ye Devill on Two-Styx (Black letter). 2 vols.

On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.

Percy Vere. In 40 vols.

Galerie des Grands Tableaux par les Petits Maitres.

On the affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick.

Lamb's Recollections of Snett.

Lamb on the Death of Wolfe.

The *Hoptician*. By Lord Farnham.

Tadpoles; or, Tales out of my own Head.

On the Connection of the River Oder and the River Wezel.

Malthus' Attack of Infantry.

McAdam's Views in Rhodes.

Spencer, with Chancer's Tales.

Autographia; or, Man's Nature, known by his Signature.

Manfredi. Translated by Defoe.

Earl Grey on Early Rising.

Plurality of Livings, with regard to the Common Cat.

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From All the Year Round.

# BLACK TARN.

## CHAPTER I.

"LAURENCE, I tell you again, your only chance is a good marriage."

"I know that, mother, by heart; you have told me so before; oftener than you seem to remember."

"And my anxiety displeases you?"

"No; but your importunity wearies me."

"You are ungrateful, Laurence, and disrespectful," said Mrs. Grantley, in an unmoved voice, but with stately disapprobation.

"Am I so? I am afraid it is my way," said Laurence, indifferently. "However," he added, rising and lounging against the chimney-piece, where he stood, stroking his moustache, "we need not quarrel. My father and you managed to diminish the old estate by some thousands: I have not been behind-hand; and now we are both doing our best—you on your side, I on mine—to bring the whole thing to the dogs. I do not blame you, but you are horribly extravagant; upon my soul you are. So am I."

"Laurence, I am surprised that you should so offend against good taste—and me."

Mrs. Grantley spoke with perfect breeding, calmly, but displeasedly, with a stately Junonic kind of anger that was really very grand.

"Let it pass," said Laurence. "I forgot your susceptibilities on that point. However, here we are in evil case enough, and now what is to be done? A marriage you say. Well! a marriage. Who shall it be?"

"I decline speaking with you, Laurence, while you adopt this mocking tone. If you mean a serious discussion, good; but I am in no humor for persiflage," said Mrs. Grantley, sternly.

"Fie! What does Shakspeare say of suspicion and a guilty mind? Or who is it—Pope, Thomson's Seasons, or Mrs. Hemans?"

"We will end the conversation, if you please," said Mrs. Grantley, rising in her turn. "You are impertinent, and you know I never submit to impertinence. When you choose to discuss the question with propriety I shall be happy to resume the subject."

"Well, I will be serious," said Laurence, in a slightly less bantering tone. "Be just; or, if that is too high a flight for your ethical wings, be good-natured. This marriage is for your good as well as mine; yet I am to be the only victim. Grant me at least the luxury of kicking while you harness me. Now let us go fairly through the available list. Miss Sefton?" He laughed, but it was not quite a natural laugh, and, strangely

enough, he, whose general look was fixed and steady, now kept his eyes bent down, intent on the condition of his nails. "She has money, I believe," he added, in a jeering kind of way. "Fifty pounds a year, if a penny."

"Jane Storey has more than that," said Mrs. Grantley, quietly.

"Jane Storey cannot speak English, and yesterday called me 'sir.' No, mother, not Jane Storey—no."

"I own she is not very accurate in the use of verbs and pronouns, and it would not be pleasant to have a person at the head of the Grantley table saying 'Sir, will you take any of this beautiful leg of mutton?' Otherwise, she is not bad. She has decent teeth and tolerable hair, and quite a Cinderella foot. But I do not press her, Laurence. Gold leaf should be thick that covers dross, and Jane Storey's is not quite deep enough to hide the base metal underneath. There is Miss Ainsworth—what of her?"

"With red hair, and a hand like a butcher's fist."

"Golden hair. Twenty thousand pounds never has red hair. She will not do! Ah! you are fastidious. What then of Emma Laurie—sinking the parentage?"

"A tallow chandler's daughter, and not much unlike her father's advertising mould. I always thought you somewhat choice and aristocratic in your ideas; but it seems as if the want of money had brought the want of other things too in its train. Yet, if you cannot be prudent, at least sin like a gentlewoman. Let us be true to our class, if not honest to our trades-people."

"You are right: I have stooped too low. Birth is, of course, one of the necessities as well as money, and we must have both united," said Mrs. Grantley, with dangerous suavity. "Let me see—you do not like the Storey, nor the Ainsworth, nor yet the Laurie? What, then, do you say of Annie Sibson? Here you have every thing, Laurence; family, fortune, education; nothing missing from the list." And Mrs. Grantley looked at her son with a hard, fixed gaze, which, as he well knew, meant every thing possible to human will.

"Annie Sibson! A poker in petticoats, a fish, a mere nonentity, without grace, intelligence, or beauty; and forty years old at the least!"

"My dear boy, if you are looking for a gilded Venus, I am afraid you will go wifeless forever. Annie Sibson was only twenty-nine last November—and is a very charming young woman—"

"She is a horror, mother; the worst of the lot. What on earth could have put her into your head?"



"Necessity, Laurence, and fate. Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; she loves you, and you will marry her. You know this as well as I do."

"Loves me! *She* love! As cod-fish do. She is not unlike a cod-fish, herself—watery blue eyes, leaden skin, gaping mouth, and lint-white hair. She would make no end of a caricature."

"Laugh as you like, Laurence, Annie Sibson is your fate. Yet, perhaps, you had better take it as you do, with a jest and a smile; you might take it worse," observed Mrs. Grantley, sententiously.

"Or not at all," said Laurence, turning pale, as he always did when angry. "I am not forced to marry the girl, I suppose? Do you really believe that I have no free-will left, no self-assertion, at thirty-two years old? If you do, you will find yourself mistaken."

"You are absurd and childish; and show the weakness of your arguments by their violence. Do I force you to marry? Or indeed do I care about your marriage in any way, for myself?"

"Has your jointure nothing to do with it?" said Laurence. "Are there no awkward items there to wash out with a golden sponge? You are self-denying, mother, I know; always were; but not quite to the point of planning a rich marriage for your son that shall not be advantageous to yourself as well."

"Have it as you will. Only remember what Warner said in his letter to-day; the mortgage suddenly called in, and another mortgage for the same amount not to be had; that heavy bill of Lyons, to be met this day week; Marshall's acceptances falling due; the embarrassment, nay, Laurence, the ruin that is threatening you unless promptly bought off. What have I to do with all this, you say? Simply to remind you that Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; that she loves you; and that the game is in your own hands. Annie Sibson will be at the ball to-night: and Warner's letter must be answered to-morrow."

"My mother makes me religious," said Laurence, as she left the room; "she makes me believe in devils."

He sat and brooded over all she had said, forced to admit that the inexorable laws of expediency and worldly prudence were with her, and that his wisest course would be to marry Annie Sibson, and so stave off the Jews and the auctioneers. True, she was disagreeable, ugly, and ill-bred; while May Sefton— But then the money—that magic fifty thousand pounds—while poor pretty May had only her wavy chestnut hair, and her large blue Irish eyes, and her frank smile and tender heart, her grace, her lov-

ingness and her beauty, and a paltry fifty pounds a year; scarcely enough to buy her gloves and bouquets! If May Sefton could but have had Annie's fortune, Laurence thought, the whole thing would have been perfect, and two people might be happy, instead of one a miserable sacrifice. Not that Laurence had any reason to believe that May loved him, more than she loved Fido, her Skye-terrier, or Muff, her Persian cat. But Laurence Grantley could not anticipate a refusal from any woman; nor indeed, need he have feared one. Who could be found to refuse him, young, handsome, of an old family, reputed wealthy, acknowledged as the most agreeable man of the county, perfectly well-bred, and rather clever?

Half the county had gathered at the Assize ball to do full honor to the wretches who had been sentenced to be hanged, transported, or imprisoned. But of all the guests, none made a greater sensation than the Grantleys of the Hall. They ranked among the first families of the place; they were the largest land-owners,—what matter if every acre, even to the bare crags about that desolate Black Tarn up on the hill yonder, was mortgaged to its full value?—and were decidedly the leading people. Mother and son headed every list, whether of stewards or subscriptions; their doings supplied the local papers with one or two paragraphs weekly; they were foremost in every thing, political, parochial, scientific, or social; nothing was considered complete that had not the countenance of the family at the Hall. Then, Mrs. Grantley was a local drawing-room queen, or milliner's Juno, whose beauty and breeding made society proud of her leadership. Neither had the late Mr. Grantley been false to the family traditions. A brave, kindly-hearted, open-handed, energetic man, full of energy and manliness flavored with a certain full-bodied pomp, which does not sit ill on men of six feet, hard riders, fast livers, kind landlords, and generous neighbors—his death had left a gap which even Laurence himself had not filled up. But Laurence was doing his best to prove worthy of his name, and was now only slightly behind the place which his father's memory yet held in public opinion. Lavish, a little haughty and intensely proud, but kind-hearted and social, what faults he had did not show, and his virtues were rendered all the brighter by the silver-gilt of the setting. And he was not such a bad fellow after all.

So, when the mother and son entered the room, the whole assembly rose to greet them as if they had been the chief magnates of the land, and Grantley Hall the Windsor Castle of England, instead of only Windsor Castle of the county.

Mrs. Grantley was used to this kind of homage; she accepted it as her due, gracefully if not gratefully, with dignified condescension, not with excitement or embarrassment. Do we not all know women who simply suffer love and permit admiration? To-night she was more than ordinarily gracious. She threw into her greetings such an impalpable kind of flattery, she was so full of sympathy and thought for every one, that she raised her popularity up to the highest pinnacle, and brought the whole shire, so to speak, on its knees at her feet. Laurence was quite as popular. Perhaps, less so with the men than with the women, who yet all combined to praise Mrs. Grantley loudly, and to profess the most unbounded admiration of her, from her millinery to her morals. Her son was only mentioned by them as an accident. But this is a way women have, with the stately mothers of well-looking sons, unmarried and desirable.

The first dance had been gone through when they entered, but some of the "best girls" were sitting in a small knot apart, as was the custom. To most of them the ball had not begun till Mr. Laurence Grantley appeared. May Sefton, the decided belle of the room, all in white and water-lilies, was surrounded by half a dozen aspirants, and smiled pleasantly and equally on all: even sometimes favoring with a kind of human recognition that intense vulgarian, the local lawyer, who, though of course not "in their set," was yet slightly known to the Seftons, as the local innkeeper might have been, or the postmaster, or the exciseman, or any other second-class individual permitted to exist. By her side was Annie Sibson, the great heiress, in cold blue, as cold as herself, under the chaperonage of May's mother; the lord-lieutenant's handsome daughter, in black and gold, was with them; and the bishop's tall niece, in strong-colored pink helped out by hard trimmings, wine-bottle color. Laurence lounged up to the group, bland and gracious, and was greeted with a volley of smiles and bright glances such as might have brought a dead man to life. May's sweet face dimpled from brow to chin as he bent down and spoke to her softly—more softly than to the others; and a pretty triumph broke like sunshine from her eyes. He was going to take her out the first, she thought; and that was always a coveted distinction. But after speaking with her for a few moments, Laurence suddenly turned to Annie Sibson, and asked her to waltz with him; asked her somewhat abruptly, and not as he had spoken to May; without looking at her, but keeping his eyes raised just above the level of her head; peculiarities of manner which Miss Annie did

not seem to notice, for her leaden cheek took a warmer tinge, and her dulled face brightened perceptibly as she walked up the room leaning on his arm; her mouth half open, and her long throat craned into an angle as usual. "It was Antinous and the eldest daughter of Hecate," said classical Mrs. Gray, the terror of all the young men in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Grantley smiled graciously as they passed her, and turning to her neighbor said, with condescending benignity; "That dear girl, Annie Sibson, is really a great favorite of mine: she is not pretty, but so amiable, so good!—and singularly well-informed; with what our fathers would have said, a pretty turn for science."

"Not much manner," said the neighbor, who had daughters of her own—pretty girls without fortunes. Annie Sibson, with her fifty thousand pounds, was a thorn in her maternal side.

"Shy? Yes, undeniably so; but that is no fault, my dear Mrs. Craven, in these days of Spanish Hats and Balmoral boots. I would we had a few more shy young ladies among us." Mrs. Grantley, like all women of the Junonian order, had a profound aversion to piquancy, whether in dress or in character; and Mrs. Craven's three daughters were three brunettes, with the shortest and reddest of petticoats, and the smallest and jauntiest of hats. The conversation dropped, and Mrs. Craven felt discomfited.

May Sefton looked on while the pair whirled rapidly past her; a shade paler and more thoughtful than she was a moment ago; puzzled, too, and not able to read the riddle just offered to her. Then she stood up with that most insufferable of all coxcombs, Charley Fitzallen (who fancied himself in love with her), in obedience to a sarcastic request from Laurence, "that she would not disappoint Mr. Fitzallen for his pleasure!" But either pride, or the buoyancy of youth, or perhaps a little justifiable dissimulation, soon brought back her smiles, and she danced with every one, and talked and laughed, and did her pretty little harmless tale of flirting quite merrily. And when Laurence, late in the evening, came to demand the honor of her hand for the next polka—still speaking softly, and looking into her eyes with tender admiration—he found her engaged so many deep there was no hope left for him.

He turned away with a bitter, loving, despairing speech. May looked after him with wondering pain, as again he whirled off with Annie Sibson, who, the young men used irreverently to say danced like a giraffe.

"Laurence had danced so often with her to-night, that gossips laid their heads together, whispering their comments; one,

holder than the rest, even venturing to congratulate Mrs. Grantley on the coming accession of fortune to her son, congratulating the young lady also, on her success where all others had failed to fix. Whereat Mrs. Grantley looked grand and stony, answering, "I do not understand you," as gravely as if a royal sphinx had spoken.

Before Annie was shawled and in the carriage Laurence Grantley had proposed, and was accepted. The next day Warner was written to, and all these terrible embarrassments pressing so fiercely onward were disposed of with the off-hand insolence of inexhaustible resources.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE Grantley marriage was a most brilliant affair. No marriages are so demonstrative as those which are made for interest, and where all the love is on one side; for the less people have, the more they seem bound to assume. Magnificent wedding presents; a battalion of upholsterers and decorators to fit the old Hall for the coming bride, a lavishness of expenditure, and gorgeousness of taste, that would have been princely if it had not been profligate; and then the world said how handsomely Laurence Grantley was acting, and to be sure he loved that uninteresting Annie Sibson after all, and had not married her for her money only. Annie half thought so, herself; disagreeable women generally believe themselves irresistible; yet there was a test which in spite of her confidence, she thought it only wise to apply: and that test was, the settlements. She had very cleverly managed to put off to the last, the signing of these important papers, and had refused all discussion on the point in a manner not to be gainsaid. She had left all this to her lawyer and her guardian, she said; they would do what was right. And what they did, was to take good care of her—very good care. When, therefore, the papers came down for signature the night before the wedding, they were not quite what Mrs. Grantley or Laurence had anticipated. Annie's lawyer and guardian—at least, she said it was done by them—had interpolated a few phrases here and there, which left her in a far better position than had been agreed on. In fact, they left her supreme, with the Grantley's "nowhere."

The Grantleys made some strong representations on the subject, but Annie opposed only a dull, dead, negative resistance, against which they simply fought without result, and wearied themselves in vain. As it was really of vital importance to get the interest of the money, if nothing else, they were

obliged at last to give in, and leave her absolute possession of her fifty thousand pounds.

She had had two aims—the one to marry Laurence Grantley, the other to keep her fortune to herself; and she carried both. She did not know how Laurence cursed her in his heart as she sat with her filmy eyes fixed immovably on the wall, her whole aspect one of imbecile obstinacy; and she would not have much cared if she had known. Annie Sibson never turned aside from her own path because other people cried out that she walked over their grounds, and took more than was her right. "Let them keep their gates shut and their fences, as I do mine," said Annie, hedging in her bit of ground doggedly.

As, when it came to the question of the signing, Laurence Grantley had gone too far to retreat with honor, he was forced to know himself overreached. So the farce went on with its intended splendor, though the principal actor had lost half his fees, and the tinsel garlands all their bloom. May Sefton was a bridesmaid—all the beauties of the county were bridesmaids—and her beauty never looked so bewitching as when she stood behind Laurence Grantley's "fish." Laurence felt his haughty heart rise bitterly as he led her from the altar; bound, fettered, married for life; married to *her*, with May Sefton following on their steps, talking gayly and, as it seemed unconcernedly with the groomsmen. Bitter, bitter were the man's thoughts in that short passage from the altar to the vestry; dully triumphant the ungainly bride's; undefined and somewhat tumultuous May Sefton's, who could not help thinking that Laurence Grantley had once liked her better than all the rest, and even now spoke to her differently than he spoke to the rest. May knew how to keep her own secrets.

In the vestry Laurence nearly lost his self-control, when Annie, in a strange tone of familiarity and command, desired him to pick up her handkerchief, which she had let fall. It was the wife's voice, the possessor's, the command of rightful ownership and public pledge. But he did her bidding, gracefully and gallantly; for he was too proud to give the world occasion for talk, and come what might, he was resolved that no one should learn his secret. Annie smiled, and looked round with dull complacency, as if a showman had shown off his spaniel's latest trick.

The breakfast passed decorously enough, and they went off on the wedding-tour with all pomp and circumstance. Mrs. Grantley said to herself that Laurence would now be able to mould her to his own will—brides

are so malleable!—and that if things were not in true shape when they returned, then she, Mrs. Grantley, queen and autocrat of the county, would undertake the task.

### CHAPTER III.

"MRS. LAURENCE GRANTLEY at home."

The neighborhood received cards bearing this notification, and the neighborhood went up in family parties to the Hall.

"Every one may come once," was Annie's silent decision; "that is, for the Grantleys; but I will arrange who comes twice."

The war had begun. It had virtually begun in the vestry when Annie paraded her new-made husband's obedience, and settled herself in her place as the dominator of the whole. It had been going on ever since; and a war with Annie was no trifle. Worse to bear than the most passionate outbursts of violence and wrath, was her inert resistance: that smooth, unangular, undefined resistance which offers no point of hold to an antagonist, and simply fails to succumb. Had she ever refused a request in anger, ever argued a point openly, ever spoken vehemently or with the exaggeration of passion? Never; but she sat with the half imbecile expression upon her which she assumed when obstinate. She would have held her point to the day of judgment. She had an irresistible argument in her power of appointing her heir: for she had reserved this right absolutely and unconditionally, and held it like a coiled lasso over the head of her husband. So that if Laurence Grantley wished his marriage to be of any real ulterior advantage to him, he must keep her in good-humor; which meant, that he must let her have her own way unchecked.

Even Mrs. Grantley's position was precarious. "I think it would be better if your mother had a separate establishment before we return," said Annie one day, at Rome; and Laurence, who knew his bride a little better than at first, knew that his mother's tenure of royalty was at an end.

He made no reply, but wrote home at once, repeating what his wife had said, but somewhat more roundly and offensively; for, as Laurence had no love, though a vast deal of admiration, for his mother, and as she had no reversions which might keep him in check, he never cared to diplommatize with her, or to soften what might be offensive.

Mrs. Grantley received his letter scornfully. "It will be strange if I cannot *maîtriser* such a nonentity as Annie Sibson," she wrote; and stayed on.

Annie never resumed the subject while abroad; but, while they were crossing the Channel to England, she said, letting her words fall like water drops, without clear-

ness of enunciation, emphasis, or expression:

"Has Mrs. Grantley left the Hall yet?"

"No," said Laurence, shortly.

"I think she had better," said Annie.

"She has no wish to do so," said Laurence. "Neither do I desire it."

"I think she had better," repeated Annie.

"Tell her so yourself, Mrs. Grantley. Take my mother in hand and manage her to your own liking; perhaps you will not find the task so easy as you imagine."

"I think she had better go," was all Annie's answer; and the subject dropped.

When they got home, they found Mrs. Grantley still lady paramount; receiving Annie graciously, and patronizing her on her return with marvellous effects of black velvet and costly lace. Annie hung her lip and looked stupid, received all these demonstrations very coldly, and did not in any manner respond to them; but before an hour was out, and before Mrs. Grantley knew what had happened, she found herself set aside, her orders opposed, her assertions contradicted flatly—without passion or excitement, but unequivocally—the servants made to understand who was now the real mistress; and the whole reins of management taken, without force, but irresistibly, from her hands. Mrs. Grantley's tactics were of no avail against a system that had nothing tangible, and against a person whom it was impossible to excite or bring to bay.

"I think you would be better in a house of your own," she used to say about once a day, as her sole answer to Mrs. Grantley's stately representations that on such and such an occasion—contradicting her flatly at table, refusing her the carriage, rescinding her orders, or the like—she had acted unbecomingly, and without due regard to her (Mrs. Grantley's) position. And at last, by force of her unceasing insults, always very quietly given, she shouldered out the elder lady and forced her to go. There was no quarrel, no tumult, no scandal. Mrs. Grantley's pride could no longer submit; and she went.

"I think she is best gone," said Annie, imperturbably, when the last shred belonging to the former mistress had disappeared from the Hall. Then she went to pore over the aquarium, and tease her chameleon; for she had a kind of sympathy with all bloodless creatures, and was great in a shallow kind of scientific play: trying her hand at photography, modelling, and various unexciting amusements; but especially given up to her water world.

What she did with Mrs. Grantley she did also with the visitors to the Hall. Those whom she did not like, took care not to call again. She did nothing overt; said nothing that could be repeated as personally



insolent; but was altogether so disagreeable, that those whom she did not affect left the house irreconcilably offended, and never entered it a second time. The only one who stood out against her was Mr. Clarke Jones, the country lawyer, who lived on the edge of the great world of the county, and appeared at the Assize ball as May Sefton's distant admirer. Laurence used to give this person an occasional dirty job to do, and Jones prized his slender footing in the Hall too much to relinquish it, cost what it would in self-respect to retain. His skin was as thick as a rhinoceros' hide; to all Mrs. Laurence's undefined insults he opposed a callous impudence that would not be abashed, a vulgar self-complacency that would not be ruffled. "He gave her back as good as she brought," he used to say; and not without truth. It was the file and the granite; and the granite had the best of it.

Thus, whether she liked it or not, she had to endure his visits, and somehow Mr. Clarke Jones managed to make them tolerably frequent; perpetually coming up to the Hall with small bits of local information which "he thought it right Mr. Grantley should know." Laurence suffered him to prowl about in this manner, partly because he was sometimes useful, and partly because he understood the secret antagonism going on, and was not sorry to see his wife foiled at her own game.

If the bull-necked, insolent country lawyer were Annie's sore point, the settlements, and a loan which Laurence wanted to raise on her security, were his. Annie would not do him this service. "I married to be mistress of the Hall, not to be a beggar," she used to say; "so you need not ask, for I never will."

As yet, Laurence had not got much good out of his marriage. True, there was the will, drawn up in his favor and leaving him absolute possession after death, which, with much trouble and bitterness on both sides, Laurence had induced her to sign. But he had no great satisfaction in this, for whenever he vexed Annie,—and she was always being vexed,—she threatened to revoke it, and "leave him the ruined spendthrift she found him." In short, she led him a sad life about this same will; and, indeed, about every thing else; and made the sin of his mercenary marriage bring its own punishment with it, and that speedily. And all this time she kept, carefully locked up in a secret drawer, another and a later will, duly signed and attested, which left all she had, to a certain Mrs. Jane Gilbert, of Eagley, in another county, "in reparation of the wrong done her." So Annie had immense satisfaction in her dealings with her husband, whom

she annoyed by an appearance, and deceived by a reality.

She had had this second and secret will drawn up immediately on her signing the first; and when she had become perfectly aware *why* she had been married. For Laurence, though generally careless and good-natured enough with her; respecting her for her "good family,"—which sense of good family was his great weakness—if not loving her for her person, had once unfortunately lost his temper and common sense, and had told her in clear, sharp, incisive terms, that he had never loved her; that he had married her solely for her money; that he cursed the day he ever met her, and wished he or she had died at the church door. Annie treasured up all these wild words, carefully, and registered a vow that never, from that day, should a farthing of her money flow into the Grantley coffers, and that, come what might, she would be revenged. So wretched Laurence was no better off than if he had married dear May—loving, beautiful May—and her paltry thousand pounds.

"Would that I had!" he groaned in despair. "Would that I had dared to be brave and true—to face my position and claim May's happy love!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

LAURENCE had been married nearly a year; and it had been a year of unmitigated misery to him. Every day added to the alienation, and every day developed some new unloveliness in Annie. There was no pretence, now, of even good-will between them, and Laurence had already begun to speculate on the best manner of their separation. Annie took no pains to conceal her temper: he, none to conceal his disgust; she distinctly declined to help him in his embarrassments: he, as distinctly told her that this was his only reason for marrying her, and that, if it failed, she was nothing but an encumbrance. So things went very badly at Grantley Hall, and only wrath and enmity reigned between the miserable pair.

One day, a cold, wretched winter's day, when the snow came down in angry gusts, and the wind howled heavily through the leafless trees, Annie sat by the window, watching the torpid creatures in her aquarium. Laurence, flushed and agitated, looked wistfully over the wide acres, held now by precarious bonds, but which were so dear to the proud heart of this Last of the Grantleys, as he was fond of calling himself. He was hard pressed by his creditors, and he had been again urging the matter of the loan; but impatiently, trying to get by force what he could not obtain by gentleness, and unwisely



reiterating his insulting reasons for ever having connected himself with her. Annie, quite silent, took not the slightest notice of him; she was intent on poking the actinæ and holothuria with a long glass tube.

At last, she did look up, and her eyes fell upon the distant figure of Mr. Clarke Jones, galloping up the drive. Mr. Jones was, by original design of nature, a horse-jockey, and prided himself on his thorough-bred mare.

"Mr. Clarke Jones comes here much too often," said Annie, abruptly interrupting her husband in the middle of one of his speeches.

"I suppose I may choose my own men of business."

"I suppose you may; but he comes here much too often."

"Why don't you turn him out, then?" said Laurence, with a laugh—not at all a pleasant one. "You have contrived to turn out every one you did not like."

"Not every one," said Annie, imperturbably; "not Mr. Jones."

"No! he is too tough for you!" sneered Laurence, leaving the room just as the lawyer galloped up to the door.

"A damp visitor, sir!" said Mr. Clarke Jones, facetiously, stamping on the hall mat, and shaking the snow in heavy folds from his shaggy coat.

Laurence smiled graciously, even going the length of a cordial shake of the hand. He had no love for the man, but encouraged him, as a kind of animated tourniquet or thumb-screw, to make his wife wince a little. Such creatures are sometimes convenient in a household of wrath.

"Could I speak with you alone, sir!" said Mr. Clarke Jones, a little anxiously.

"Certainly; come into the library, Jones," said Laurence. "Here, Baker! take Mr. Jones' coat, and bring up the brandy." He knew the man, and intended to press him for a loan. Jones had money, and was not close-fisted.

Baker opened a small spirit case, brought hot water, set glasses, stirred the fire, then vanished. Mr. Jones mixed, without further invitation, a remarkably stiff tumbler of grog, and drank half of it at a draught scalding hot.

"Well, Mr. Jones, and what is it?" said Laurence, when he had finished. "A poacher caught, or a coal-mine discovered? You have always an eye to my interests"—with a slight sneer—"and I expect some day will make my fortune—or your own out of mine."

"He! he! he! very good!" laughed Mr. Jones, boisterously; "more likely yours than mine! A very little would do for me, while gentlemen like you take a deal to keep you up! He! he! he!"

"But your business, to-day?" said Laurence.

"You are quite sure we shall not be interrupted?" said Mr. Jones, looking round. It was a nervous matter that he had undertaken, and even he, as he expressed it afterwards, boggled at it.

"Interrupted?" said Laurence, disdainfully. "By whom?"

"I thought, perhaps, Mrs. Grantley might come in, you know," said Jones, with a leer, and finished his tumbler.

"This is not the business," said Laurence. He would have liked to kick the fellow, but is it wise to kick your goose when you are going to whistle to it to lay golden eggs?

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, it is rather a delicate subject to touch on," said Mr. Jones, suddenly. "It is about Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself."

"Well, Jones, and what about Mrs. Laurence Grantley?"

Jones thought for a moment, rubbing his rough chin very hard.

"Who was she, sir, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Don't you know? She was the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, member for the county," said Laurence, with an air of profound indifference. "A good old family; and I understand the value of race almost as well as you understand the pedigree of a horse."

"And her mother?"

"Oh! her mother was better still; one of the Lascelles people. She died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy."

"Died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy, and was one of the Lascelles people," repeated Mr. Jones, still musingly. He took his red, coarse under-lip between his finger and thumb, and rubbed it up like a school-boy's "cherry." "Pray, sir, did Mrs. Grantley tell you all this herself?"

"Who else could?" said Laurence, shortly, not quite liking the conversation.

"It is important to know if Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself told you all this," persisted the lawyer.

"You are subjecting me to rather a strange examination," said Laurence, with a glance that boded no good.

"Sir, sir, I have a grave matter in hand—one affecting your whole life, your name, your position, every thing you hold dearest," said Mr. Jones. "Trust me for one short moment. I have your interest at heart—upon my soul I have! Yet I must try my ground before I give myself up, else, you know, where am I?" said Mr. Jones, pathetically.

Laurence laughed. "Well, well! fire

away, Jones," he said, with sudden familiarity; for Laurence, with all his irritable temper, had a keen sense of the ludicrous. "Go on with your examination in chief. I will answer." He flung himself back in his chair, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, humming an air of *La Gazza Ladra*.

"Thank you, sir, thank you! That is like the gentleman you are. Has, then, Mrs. Laurence given you any other particulars of her mother?" said Mr. Jones, resuming his old attitude.

"She has spoken of her sometimes, of course. I forget what, now. It was not a very lively subject at any time."

"But she has said that her mother died at her birth, absolutely?"

"Of course she did. I told you so before."

"Mr. Grantley, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mrs. Laurence Grantley has told you what is not true, and what she knows is not true. Her mother is alive at this hour, and is not a Lascelles."

"Indeed?" said Laurence, springing up, and turning very pale. "Yet how does this affect me—what do I care?" he added, a moment after, indifferently.

"You have been very grossly deceived—grossly; but I have written what I would rather not tell." He handed over a paper with the broad margin, in cruel handwriting of the legal kind. Laurence opened the sheet, and read it. He read it quietly to the end without comment; but, at each paragraph, his face became paler and harder; then, folding it up, he flung himself forward with a laugh—a laugh that sounded ghastly, with that face rigid and white as if cut out of stone.

"What I have told you," said the lawyer, after a pause, "is as true as gospel; only too true. Do you think that a dying woman would tell such a gratuitous lie? Would she peril her soul—her soul, sir, mind that!—for the sake of a bit of mystification? There are certain things which we may fairly pronounce impossible to human nature, even to human nature in the justice room, and that this statement could be a lie, is one of them. Look at it in a matter-of-fact light. Take it as I meant it to be, a tremendous power in your own hands, with which you may do any thing. The field is yours, and you may win the race in a canter. I know that you have been disappointed in your lady's not coming forward to help you a little more generously; but now you have a pressure,—pounds to the square inch, sir,—and can make her do what is right, sir."

"You have taken a great deal of trouble about me, Jones," said Laurence, huskily; yet with the sneer, very well concealed,

habitual to him when speaking to Clarke Jones.

"Why, you see, you have always been kind and civil to me; and when this thing came quite accidentally in my way—I am an Eagley man, you know—I said to myself, 'Jones, here is now an opportunity of doing young Mr. Grantley a good turn. He has done you many a one, and now's *your* time.'

By Jove, sir, I was proud to do it. It was what they call a labor of love to hunt up that evidence and put it in your hands gratis; and I say again, I was proud to do it, sir?"

"But, Jones, my good fellow, I cannot take all this as serious," said Laurence. "How easily such things are got up! A threat for money, political spite, old family feuds, and a story like this, takes no more time to build than a house of cards."

"Try it," said Jones, bringing his hand down heavily on the table, "try it! What good are they if they are not true? Where's your hold? Where's your trump card? You are nowhere if I have brought you only a mare's-nest. I had better by far have stayed at home and attended to my clients?"

"Oh! they are all the better for your absence, Mr. Jones," said Laurence, trying to assume that debonair insolence of his which sometimes succeeded well, but which now utterly failed.

"Very likely, sir," said Mr. Jones, composedly; "but I only say again, try it; just whisper the name in your sleep, maybe, or when you will—just say in her ear, 'My dear, did you ever know Jane Gilbert, of Eagley?' and then see if it is true or not true."

"Tricked! tricked! every way!" muttered Laurence, clenching his fist upon the chimney-piece.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "she was an astute young lady; knew her best cards, and played 'em boldly."

"One word more, Jones: true or false—and remember, I do not accept it as absolute fact" (Mr. Jones smiled blandly), "you will be silent, of course?"

"Sir!" said the bull-necked lawyer, in a tone of deep feeling. "On my life!" And he bowed himself out of the room.

"The small end of the wedge is in at last," said he, as he mounted his horse and rode off, looking up to the drawing-room window, and lifting his hat to Mrs. Grantley, who still watched her creatures in the aquarium.

Laurence sat in the library till the dinner-bell rang, lost in thought, but preparing for decisive action. He felt that a home life together was now impossible, and what he had to determine was the manner of the sep-

aration. Before he came in to dinner, his course was decided, and his plans laid. Annie noticed that he was very pale, and even more silent than usual; that his eyes never by chance once met hers; and that he had a fixed and stony manner. But Annie was not impressionable, and cared nothing for what people thought or felt, so long as they did not worry her.

## CHAPTER V.

"You look ill, Annie," said her husband, at breakfast the next day, looking, not directly at her, but just past her pale, lustreless hair.

"Nonsense, I am not ill," said Annie, ungraciously. She took a pride in being doubly surly whenever Laurence seemed disposed to be kindly, and liked to vex him for the pleasure of seeing him lose his temper. This is a treat sometimes, to cold natures.

"I should wish you to see a doctor, though," said Laurence, in the same wooden manner.

"Don't pretend to make a fuss about me. I am well enough."

"You are not well, Annie."

"Do you wish me to be ill? and has that wish fathered your thought?" Annie asked, coldly. "Give me the toast, and leave me alone. I am well enough."

"Yet I must have my own way in this; I must have you see Dr. Downs."

"I don't want to see him." She lifted her dull eyes. "You are wonderfully anxious about me to-day, Laurence."

"That was one of your ungracious speeches," said Laurence, smoothly, while a look of bitterest hatred flashed like fire over his face.

"Truth is generally ungracious," said Annie; "and I am not easily taken in."

Laurence got up and left the room. He felt it dangerous to stay there longer. Her defiant insolence seemed almost to court her own destruction.

"It must end! it must end!" he said, aloud. "God help her!"

There was a danger lying before them both, which made Laurence feel like a fiend; but what he was now planning, though a cruel, was at least a safe, alternative. Safe in every way: safe for honor's sake; safe for her life; safe for him; cruel, yes, and hard and bitter to be borne; but, after all, was there not perhaps a reason? Was it all only expediency, or was there not necessity?

Unable to remain longer in the house, Laurence took his dog and gun, and wandered up to Black Tarn, the bleak desolateness of which harmonized only too well with

his present feelings. Scarcely knowing what he did or where he was, he passed the whole day upon those barren crags in a state of confused and stormy tumult, where was neither perception nor arrangement, but only fierce pain of burning hatred. But the evening came, and he must return to the home which was worse than a grave to him, and to the chains which ate into his soul. The wrong that he had done was bearing bitter fruit.

In the lane, face to face, and where there was no possibility of escape, he suddenly saw May Sefton and her mother. It was the first time they had met since his marriage; for May had been often from home, and Laurence had purposely avoided her. But now he went up to her, held out his hand as in olden times, shook hers warmly, spoke to her with a thick breath and a searching eye, and with a face so troubled that even May, unsuspecting as she was, noticed it, and wondered what had happened to disturb him. Mrs. Sefton saw nothing. She only said carelessly as they parted, "Mr. Grantley was very cordial to-day, but did not look well."

May said she thought him looking ill too, but was very glad to have seen him at all, and wished that Mrs. Laurence was a more cordial woman, for Mr. Laurence Grantley was the most delightful person in the neighborhood. May would have become much more eloquent on the subject, but something checked her, and she did not care to renew the conversation.

Laurence turned back into the woods the instant he left them; and it was long past nightfall when he returned to the Hall, late for dinner.

After dinner, looking round moodily for some object to speak about, and break a deadly silence, he noticed, on the drawing-room table, a beautiful spray of holly, thick with crimson berries, clustering like drops of blood about the stem. A sudden thought struck him.

"A fine branch," he said, taking it in his hand, and fixing his eyes steadily on his wife; "but the finest holly I ever saw, was once at Eagley, a small village, at the house of a poor woman there; what was her name?"—musingly. "Oh! Jane Gilbert! I remember the circumstance as if it was only yesterday: the cold, bleak December day, the holly bough with its blood-red berries, and the fair-haired peasant woman, with 'Jane Gilbert' on the little sign above her door."

A deadly slate-colored pallor on Annie's face, a slight quiver of the loose-hanging under lip, and the cold hand passed slowly

over her hair, were all the signs she gave that the name had touched her. But Laurence noted them all.

"I don't like holly," she said, flinging the branch into the fire.

"No? Why is that?"

Annie kept silent, and looked obtuse.

He went on: "Eagley is a place well worth seeing; you ought to go there some day, and see Mrs. Gilbert's holly bush."

Annie's face was livid. "You seem mad about Mrs. Jane Gilbert!" she said, and turned her back rudely.

"Your chameleon and yourself are, I see, in your usual sympathy," continued Laurence, who seemed bent on talking. "You are ghastly, and your chameleon looks dying. Shall Dr. Downs prescribe for you both?"

"I am not going to have Dr. Downs," said Annie, stolidly.

"I think you will," said Laurence.

"What did he mean by Eagley and Jane Gilbert?" thought Annie, as she sat motionless at her toilette that night. "Clarke Jones was here a long time the other day, and Clarke Jones is an Eagley man. But he could not have known. Nurse Brown would never have betrayed me, and she is dead, they say: if she is, no one living knows but myself, and no one living knows that I know it. *She* believes that I died. Yet, what does it all mean? Why this change of manner? Why this persistence about the doctor? So unlike him, too! Well! let the worst come. I will face it out."

Obedient to his summons, the next day Dr. Downs called at the Hall; a man full of pleasant gossip and scientific news; a shrewd, blandly talkative man, who told every thing he knew, and who knew every thing to tell; as invaluable as a circulating medium of talk—as a kind of peripatetic news-letter.

"You will not find much apparently amiss with Mrs. Grantley," said Laurence, very anxiously; "but, my dear doctor, though no physiologist, even I can see the necessity of some immediate treatment. She is very strange at times; has odd fancies, odd dislikes; her feelings become perverted, her affections turn to wild and causeless enmities; she is full of monstrous suspicions. In a word, her mind is unsettled. I do not know what to do with her."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Grantley! I thought I was on quite a different errand," said Dr. Downs, taken by surprise. "Dear, dear! Poor young lady! Ah! I always said it—scrofula, unmistakable scrofula. Never mistaken, Mr. Grantley, in that, however it may show itself. But, come! We must hope and work for the best, before we despair. A little change of air and change of scene

may do all the good in the world. It sometimes checks a budding manifestation entirely."

"You think it might save my wife?"

"I hope so; but I should hardly like giving an opinion before seeing her, you know. May I see her?"

"Certainly; come with me: she is in the drawing-room."

"Annie!" he said, as they entered the room, "Dr. Downs has called to see you."

"Dr. Downs might have been spared the trouble," said Annie, sullenly, not rising or taking the smallest notice of the physician. "I am quite well, and you know that I am, Laurence."

"Well! we don't think there is any thing very much the matter," said Dr. Downs, in a smooth, conciliatory, but highly aggravating manner. "A little so-so, perhaps, but nothing more. But let me feel your pulse—come, my dear lady, let me do that."

"There is no occasion," growled Annie, folding her hands tightly over her knee.

"Mrs. Grantley seems quite afraid of me," laughed Dr. Downs to Laurence, cheerily, but as if he were speaking of a child. This did not improve Annie's temper. "My dear madam," he continued, coaxingly, "I am not going to be offensive, or, I hope, very disagreeable; but it is my duty to tell you that you need a little attention. What possible objection can there be to an old man like me just looking in every now and then upon you, and keeping you straight?"

"Do you want to have a chance of poisoning me under pretence of nursing me?" said Annie, impassively, turning to her husband.

"The old thing," whispered the doctor; "an almost infallible sign—suspicion of their best friends—causeless, wild, rampant suspicion! Dear, dear! This looks serious."

"My dear Annie," said Laurence, soothingly, "how can you talk so wildly? Be advised; suffer Dr. Downs to prescribe for you, and every thing will come right. It is only your good that I am anxious for."

"There is some plot here, and I am not disposed to be the victim," said Annie, rising, and speaking just as usual, without haste or emphasis; her words dripping over her lips as if she had not energy enough even to enunciate them. Her eyes were fixed with a dull, stupid kind of rancor on her husband; but a merely animal rancor, instinctive rather than intelligent. "Dr. Downs may go. I am not ill. I don't want his medicines, and I shall not take them if he sends them. If you want to murder me, Laurence, you must do it with less preparation; for I know that this is what you are aiming at, only you are a coward, and are

afraid to bring it about." She rang the bell. "Baker, show Dr. Downs out," she said, in her stolid way.

"Not yet, Baker, not yet!" cried Laurence, quite amiably, as if his wife had simply made a mistake; for Laurence was careful of appearances always, and especially anxious for a favorable verdict from his household now. "Come, doctor," taking his arm, "come into the library with me. I want to talk to you. Well?" he asked, anxiously, as they entered the room.

"Ah!" sighed Dr. Downs, shaking his head, "a dreadful thing, if it should be true, Mr. Grantley! But I can scarcely decide on one visit, you know. I will come again in a day or two—better not immediately, else it might excite her—but in a day or two, when I will undertake the case thoroughly."

"But do you think the brain is threatened, doctor?"

"Threatened? Yes, indeed I fear so; but certainly not distinctly diseased—at least not yet."

He did come again, many times; and at every visit Annie was more sullen and more strange; ruder in her manners, more incautious in her language; fuller of wild accusations and stupid suspicions; till Dr. Downs—not a very acute man at the best of times, and one who generally asked the friends of his patient what ailed them—took his impression as Laurence had indicated, and gave it as his opinion that she was decidedly, but not dangerously, insane.

"Yet decidedly?" said Laurence.

"Mr. Grantley, after careful and dispassionate study, I feel myself competent to pronounce the word: decidedly."

Laurence hid his face in his hands, to conceal the guilty joy that burst over it.

"And what must I do with her, doctor?" he then said. "Ought I not to put her under proper care? I scarcely like the awful responsibility of keeping her here."

"Why you see, my dear sir, if it originates in scrofula, general management is a great thing. Nourishing diet, plenty of society, change of air; perhaps total change of place, such as foreign travel and the like; the health strictly attended to,—all these are admirable correctives to strumous tendencies. So, before sending her out of your own hands, which may be a painful necessity after all, try home measures: try a little gayety, a little movement, a little shaking up; a ball, for instance; not a bad notion, Mr. Grantley; a ball might be very advantageous to her at the present crisis. She wants rousing, my dear sir; half these cases become chronic for want of rousing. If I see no improvement after this, then,

Mr. Grantley, it will be my painful duty to recommend restraint."

The doctor spent that day and part of the next in running about the neighborhood, telling every one that Mrs. Laurence Grantley, poor thing, was decidedly queer; and that Mr. Laurence Grantley was the best husband in the world, and fairly broken down with affliction.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a long struggle Laurence had his own way. There *was* to be a ball at the old Hall, and every one was to be invited; even May Sefton, whom yet Laurence dreaded to see under his own roof, and even Clarke Jones, the vulgar lawyer—his first invitation to the house. Laurence undertook to frame the list of guests, indifferent whether Annie liked them or not. Hitherto her supremacy had been unquestioned, but now she found herself on the losing side.

Annie resolved that the ball should be the first and the last. She would make it impossible for any one to come a second time. Accordingly, she behaved with so bad a grace; showed her temper so unequivocally; was so rude, so bitter, so full of undisguised antagonism to her husband; her arrangements were so insufficient, and her conduct so extraordinary, that people congregated in wondering groups about the room: the initiated explaining to the outsiders that Mrs. Grantley junior was crazy, and not responsible for her actions, and that Dr. Downs had ordered the ball to do her good, and rouse her. Dr. Downs, who for the most part, established himself as a kind of paternal keeper near her, and never minded her insolence, but provoked it by his aggravating tone of bland patronage, sometimes left his post to whisper confidentially to his friends that, poor thing, she was worse this evening than ever, and that Mr. Grantley was much to be pitied.

So he was; and indeed he might have gone mad himself, were it not for the thought which possessed him, and the hope it gave of a speedy freedom. For surely public opinion would support him now; and would not all the world say, after what they saw this evening, that an asylum was the only sure place for his wife?

The report of Annie's strange alienation of mind reached May Sefton; near to whom was standing Mr. Clarke Jones. Mr. Clarke Jones had managed to be standing pretty often near to May Sefton this evening, and Laurence, whose eyes were seldom far from her, soon grew darkly conscious that the vulgar country lawyer was presuming to admire her, and daring to show his admiration; an insolence, by the by, he would never have



been guilty of, but for the lift Mr. Grantley's great patronage of him had given him in society.

"How very shocking!" said May, a little blanching. "How terrible for poor Mr. Grantley! how I feel for him!" And eyes full of gentle pity turned tenderly upon him.

"He has one consolation," said Jones, in a thick voice: "he has the sympathy of the prettiest young lady in the county."

"Sir!" said May, turning on him a look of ineffable disdain. May had no affectation, and never pretended that she did not understand a compliment.

"No offence, miss, I hope. I only spoke as I felt, and honest hearts have free tongues," said Jones, coloring.

Pretty May turned the tip of her round, white shoulder; and just then Laurence, who had seen and divined her glance, came up to her hurriedly and asked her to waltz with him.

"Bless you, dear Miss Sefton!" he murmured—"God bless you for your sympathy to a broken-hearted man!"

May meant no evil. She thought only to be kind; but she was impulsive and full of passionate feeling; and the blessing touched her inmost soul. She looked up into Laurence Grantley's face, and tears were in her eyes. Then she said, in a sisterly, gentle voice: "Poor Mr. Grantley! I do feel for you!" Laurence started and pressed her tenderly to him; his face paler than the marble bust looking serenely down from its height; then he whirled her rapidly from the waltz, and led her to her mother.

"Miss Sefton is tired of me," he said with forced gaiety, and going off smiling; leaving May bewildered and terribly ashamed.

"I will go and talk to Mrs. Grantley," she said, after a moment. "Poor Annie! she wants comforting too."

Accepting the arm of one of her numerous cavaliers always ready to do her service, she went across the room to Annie, who sat alone, not speaking to any one but those who went up to her, and then shortly and disagreeably; assuming nothing of the hostess, and paying as little attention to the guests as to the arrangements. She had never looked worse than to-night; her heavy face had never worn a more stolid, more unamiable expression; ill as she always dressed, to-night she was execrably attired in a pale dull grey, the color of her skin, with pale yellow flowers, the color of her hair. May, in her floating, diaphanous robe of blue and white, looked like an angel by the side of a corpse.

"You had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley again," said Annie, not looking up.

"I want to talk to you instead," said

May, smiling. "It is long since we had a nice long talk, and you have never told me of your travels."

"I don't want to talk," said Annie; "and you had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley."

When Annie once began to iterate her sentences it was lost labor to attempt to move her. It was her favorite form of obstinacy, and her obstinacy was of iron. So May was at last driven away by a shower of hard, cold insolences which never softened and never relaxed.

The weary evening came to its end; pronounced a failure; and every one went away convinced that Mrs. Laurence Grantley was mad, and might do any thing—kill her husband, kill herself, set fire to the house, or do something shocking, my dears. There ought to be a keeper got, said the gossips, confidentially.

The next day was dull, gloomy, miserable; a little rain fell in the morning, but, towards noon it ceased, though the clouds hung heavy and low, and the mist wreaths clung about the ravines and clefts. It was one of those days of unutterable gloom and sadness, when the earth lies like dead, and the heavy sky sweeps downward like a pall; when the whole expression of nature is of gloom and sorrow; and when even crimes do not startle us so much as they would at a brighter moment. Laurence would not meet his wife to-day. He breakfasted early, by himself, and, after writing several letters in his library (one to Dr. Downs, asking him to appoint a colleague and sign the necessary certificate for his wife's admission into an asylum), he went out, again taking the direction of Black Tarn, his favorite place of refuge when sad or sorrowful. Deep in a sunless rift—where the very eagles built no nests, and where no trace of life or vegetation was to be seen, with the gray crags striking sheer and sharp from the edge, as if torn asunder by some mighty throbb which had rent mountains and destroyed cities, and where the very mountain sheep could find no footing—Black Tarn lay like a lake of the dead, or, as the country people believed it was, like the mouth of the bottomless pit. All sorts of fierce traditions and mournful tales lingered about the spot. Murders in the olden time of lawlessness and wrong; accidents of straying feet; destruction to young lovers and laughing children; the suicide of love, despair, and guilt—all such sad memories hovered, like restless ghosts, over the dark pool. Laurence sat down by the edge, flinging stones into the water still and unruffled at the base, thinking with stormy passion over the shame and misery of his present life, but not thinking of his own wrong-doing, nor remembering

ing that he had been the author of his own despair.

"You have chosen an intellectual occupation," said Annie's voice, falling dull and dead, as usual.

Laurence started up. "Am I never to be free of you!"

"You are polite, Laurence the gentleman," sneered Annie, looking at him with her clayey, impassible face, like some frightful mask unearthed.

"The woman who received her guests as you did last night is not the person to tax another with impoliteness," said Laurence, angrily.

"I was about as good as my company and rather better than my husband," said Annie, hanging her lip.

"Don't dare to mention yourself in the same breath with me!" Laurence cried, with disdain.

"No? Why not? Well; I don't think we are quite on an equality of vice either! I don't make an intimate friend of such a man as Clarke Jones. I don't lay plots to make you out mad, and get you taken to an asylum. I don't carry my love to another, and do my utmost to wreck the happiness of a life for vanity. I do none of these things, as some one I could name does?" And she flung her fingers contemptuously against his cheek.

"No? But I will tell you what you do," said Laurence, grasping her by the arms till she winced and writhed: "you make your life an incarnate lie; you creep into an honorable family by a lie; you go through the world with falsehood and shame written on your brow, and hide your degraded origin by perjury and fraud."

"What do you mean?" said Annie, struggling to free her wrists.

"I mean that you are the child of an unmarried servant woman: that you know this, and knew it when you married me; that, for fear of this ever being known to others, you have left your mother to the workhouse; and that, at this very moment when we both stand here, Jane Gilbert, your mother, is eating the pauper's bread, and wearing the pauper's dress."

"Ah, you know this!" said Annie, with a contemptuous smile; "I thought you did. And if I did all this, what then?" It was diamond cut diamond; and mine was the hardest. Were your pride and advantage only to be thought of, and mine set aside? Was it no temptation that the daughter of a pauper should be the wife of the proudest man of his county, and bear a name which its owner thought scarcely good enough for a princess? You thought you got birth and money, and you had neither; I knew that I

got birth and station, and my bargain was the best. You tried to outwit me, and failed; I tried to outwit you, and succeeded."

"Are you mad, to taunt me in this manner, and in this place?" whispered Laurence, clasping her arms still more firmly, while a terrible expression stole over his face.

"No, not quite mad enough for your purpose yet," said Annie, with a low, insulting laugh. "Not mad enough to have left you my money, and so make my death an advantage to you; when you go home you shall know who is my real heir, and then, perhaps, you will understand me better; not mad enough to be paraded as mad before the world, to be goaded and provoked, and then locked up at your pleasure; not mad enough to let myself be made the footstool of your fortunes, to be kicked over when you are tired of it; not mad enough for any thing of this, Laurence Grantley, as you will find to your cost! I am the natural daughter of a pauper," she went on to say, "and you are Mr. Grantley of the Hall. I turned your mother out of the house; I foiled you from the first day to the last; and I have not done with you yet. Hear me! Attempt to lay a finger on me, and all the world shall know the truth as you know it, and the meanest wretch in this place shall laugh at the story of the birth of Mr. Grantley's rich wife, and how finely he got taken in!"

What had passed over the scene? The leaden sky hung low and black as before; the wild birds shrieked as they flew across the vale, as they had shrieked ten minutes ago; on the crags a few stones were dislodged as if by a spurning foot, and on the Tarn rushed broad ripples, circling swiftly about the pool. Laurence stood on the cliff above the Tarn alone. He dared not stand there long. His brain swam, and he turned wildly away.

Entering the little wood behind the crag, he met Mr. Clarke Jones.

"Good-morning, sir," said Jones, with a singular smile, and passed on. Generally he used to stop and talk.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MRS. LAURENCE GRANTLEY had disappeared. The country was searched for miles round, but not a trace of her was to be found. No one had called the day after the ball; her maid had dressed her for a walk, and she had been seen to leave the Hall grounds by the small side gate; the steward had met her in the lane, a dozen yards from the gate; from this point even conjecture was at a loss. The affair made an intense sensation, and people were dreadfully shocked and alarmed—as they always are when there is any thing

mysterious. Much sympathy was felt for the husband, and much pity was expressed for the wife: all her good points were remembered and magnified, and all her bad forgotten. A veil of universal charity shadowed the Hall from basement to roof. But still the mystery remained unsolved: what had become of her?

Laurence kept much in the house, was very silent and moody and subdued, and the neighborhood wondered that he should take his affliction so much to heart; for however tragically it might have happened, it seemed unlike Laurence Grantley to fret himself ill for the loss of his wife. It was matter of history that they had not been violently happy in their union, and his distress seemed to every one disproportioned to the event. The gentlemen of the neighborhood rode daily up to the hall to offer advice and sympathy, but no plan yet proposed had resulted in any certainty; the body had not been found, and there were no tidings of flight. It was a desolate state of things, every one agreed; and the most terrible certainty would be preferable to dragging on in doubt and suspense.

One day, there chanced to be quite a meeting at the Hall. Dr. Downs, the clergyman, and one or two more gentlemen, had congregated there, discussing various plans with Laurence as to what had better be done, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and Clarke Jones galloped up to the door.

When Laurence heard his voice, he rose and left the room hastily. The doctor remarked how ill he looked, as he went out; and one of the gentlemen, notorious for his attachment to his wife, sighed, "Poor fellow!" while another, who was as notoriously ill-mated, gave a short laugh as he said, "I should not have thought Grantley would have taken his wife's death so much to heart."

Clarke Jones entered, and bowed with clumsy familiarity to the company. "Fine winter's morning, gentlemen!" he said, unbuttoning his coat, and flinging it open at the chest.

"Very fine," says bland Dr. Downs, in his conciliatory voice. Then there was a pause.

Clarke Jones was not much liked by the gentry of the place. They thought him vulgar, pushing, insolent, with a grip like a vice when once it closed over any one's affairs, and an offensive manner of shouldering his way into places where he was not wanted. They looked coldly at the lawyer, and wondered what business he could have up here, and wondered, most of all, how such a proud man as Laurence Grantley could receive him so much like a friend. The clergyman him-

self, representing charity and social brotherhood as he did, would not have admitted him into his drawing-room, and Dr. Downs had never allowed his acquaintance to overflow the pestle and mortar. Yet here he was at the Hall—had been a guest at the great ball, and was now one of the foremost in offering sympathy, perhaps advice. Well! there are strange things in this world!

The pause was becoming awkward; when Laurence returned. He had lost the deadly pallor which the doctor had noticed when he left the room, and was quite himself again; only with a fixed and strained expression, as if strung up to do a certain work, for which he had been gathering strength. He met Clarke Jones with cordiality, shook hands with him, spoke to him in a friendly, almost familiar, manner, invited him to be seated, and presented him to those of the guests who he thought were unacquainted with him. After a meaning glance among each other, the gentlemen imitated their host; the invisible barrier was broken down; and Clarke Jones took his seat as one of them.

The conversation was becoming general, when the lawyer, leaning forward, said, in that peculiar whisper which is more distinct than the ordinary voice,—

"Forgive me, Mr. Grantley, for troubling you with a suggestion, but have you tried Black Tarn? A likely place for an accident, you know—a very likely place; and, in the state of your poor lady's mind, nothing was more possible than an accident, or a suicide, down there." He looked at Laurence steadily.

Laurence looked at him as steadily. "Thank you, Mr. Jones, for the hint. I had not thought of that before. A very likely place indeed. I shall act on your suggestion."

"I shall be glad to be of any use to you," said Clarke Jones, with an unmistakable manner of equality. "Shall I manage this painful business for you, Mr. Grantley? You may trust both my zeal and my discretion," with an emphasis on the last word.

"You are very good, Mr. Jones. If you would be so kind as to institute a search there—a man could be let down with a rope—But my steward will arrange with you all the necessary details." He turned pale as his imagination pictured what would follow. Then, with a quick, sharp glance upward, "Perhaps I had better be with you?" he said.

"Let me advise you not," said Mr. Clarke Jones, slowly. "You may trust me, with confidence. I will do every thing as carefully and as discreetly as yourself. You may trust me," he repeated, in a lower voice,

and with a meaning pressure of the hand as he went off.

"I never gave that vulgar fellow credit for so much good feeling," said one of the gentlemen.

"Nor I," said another.

"He seems quite a changed man," said the clergyman, with a ghostly sigh.

"Ah!" cried Dr. Downs, sententiously, "there are secrets in physiology not yet discovered!"

That terrible day seemed to Laurence as if it would never end. He knew what awful secret they were going to discover in the depths of that dismal Tarn; he knew the pale features that lay upward, and the tangled hair with the duck-weed wreathed about the folds; he knew that the eyes were wide open, looking at him with their dull stare as they had looked in life; and he knew that this ghastly thing would be brought home here to him, where it would lie with those hard, unflinching eyes always wide open, and the pale features bruised and swollen. He knew all the horror of the present moment, and what was being done on the cliffs above the Tarn. He heard the hoarse cries of one to the other, the trampling of the heavy feet, the unwinding of the rope; he heard the waters stirred; he heard the grating of the drag, and the shuddering groan that ran through the crowd when it was lifted to the earth, and men examined it curiously to see if there had been foul play. It seemed to him as if only his body, torpid and inert, remained at the Hall, while his soul and all his perceptions were up on the cliffs above that fatal Tarn, crying out to all the world what fearful crime had been committed there. So he sat for long, long, terrible hours, until the short winter day came to its close, and the black night poured down. But still he sat, without fire or light; his face, rigid and white, turned listening to the window. Then he heard—this time actually and with his living senses heard—the regular tread of many feet; he saw the waving of the torches; he heard the subdued voices of the men, as, tramp, tramp, they came up the broad gravel walk, bringing the dead thing with them. Through the hall, and up the stairs—the tangled hair dripping at every step, and leaving a trail which the red torch-light turned to a trail of blood—up the stairs and through the passages to her own room, where the old familiar clothes and jewels lay scattered about, as if she had only that moment left them—and then the rough hands laid her gently on the bed, and the wet of the long loose hair and wringing clothes dripped heavily, drop by drop, like blood, upon the floor.

Laurence stood face to face with that

ghastly thing. But he must not falter now. The sin that he had done in passion he must not betray by cowardice. He stood the ordeal calmly and courageously. Even Clarke Jones, narrowly watching him—Laurence knowing that he was so watching him—could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He affected no sorrow, made no lamentation; but stood quietly by the bed, looking at the corpse in silence.

"It was well done!" said Clarke Jones, as if speaking to himself; the men answering in their broad northern accent: "Yees, we spaired nae pains!"

The inquest was held, but no kind of evidence was adduced. No one had met the lady, no one had seen her. Her mental condition was notoriously so unsettled as to make an accident or a suicide the most likely thing possible. An open verdict was returned, "Found Drowned;" and Laurence left the inquest-room without the shadow of a suspicion having rested on his name. He buried her with the rightful amount of pomp, and Clarke Jones was invited to the funeral, and took a prominent part at it.

Old Mrs. Grantley returned to the Hall. She had lived in town since her unbending daughter-in-law had forced on her so humiliating a retreat; but now she came back in all her proud regality, and undertook the management of affairs as naturally as if there had been no interregnum. Laurence proved the will, administered, and took possession of his late wife's property; and when the lawyer who had drawn up, and knew of the execution of, the second and secret will, came down, all in a blaze and turmoil, to oppose proceedings and institute a search, Mr. Grantley received him with every imaginable courtesy, showed him Annie's papers, opened her secret drawers, gave him access to her boxes, etc., nay, even volunteered a search through his own private drawers and store places as well, eager to have every thing investigated and made plain and clear. And as, in spite of all this care, no other will could be found,—who knew this so well as Laurence?—not even a scrap of paper expressing last wishes; and as his client was gone, and could bring no more business into his hands; and as Mr. Laurence Grantley was here, and might add hundreds to his income; and as it is always better to conciliate the living than to attend to the desires of the dead,—for, is not a live dog better than a dead lion?—the lawyer pronounced himself satisfied, and went back to London, baffled and routed. He felt convinced being versed in hidden iniquities, that there was some sinful dealing somewhere; but he had no proof, and without proof, of what use the strongest suspicions?



So, things went on bravely enough. The property was gradually disencumbered, old debts were paid off, old pressure removed; and once more the sun shone brightly over the house of Grantley, and happiness seemed again possible to Laurence. A white marble monument was erected to the memory of Annie Grantley, and every one said that Mr. Laurence could not have done more than he had done, and that he had acted well and handsomely throughout. He wore his mourning gracefully, and without ostentation; had the proper width of crape, the proper depth of black; while Mrs. Grantley was beyond measure queenly in her maternal sables, which she took care to have made as deep and tragic as custom would sanction.

In the small village of Eagley, Jane Gilbert was taken from the workhouse and comfortably lodged, was given a suit of black and bidden to wear it, no one knowing why she had been so befriended, or for whom she wore her mourning. For Jane Gilbert had not the faintest idea that Annie Grantley was her child; and the secret rested now with Clarke Jones and Laurence. Clarke Jones' mother had been Annie's nurse, and, upon her death-bed, had told her son how that the great heiress of Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, who all the world thought was the daughter of his lady—for he had been married, and his wife was a Lascelles, and had died in Italy; so far Annie had spoken truly—was only the natural daughter of poor Jane Gilbert, a pauper now in the union, whom, when Lady Sibson's maid, Sir Thomas had ruined, according to the way of the Sibsons. The child had been taken from its mother, and given to Nurse Brown to bring up; and Nurse Brown had done her duty by it, and had kept silence, as she was bid, when her master claimed it and put it forth as the daughter of his late wife, and future heiress of what property he could leave. The Grange was entailed—luckily for the rightful heir—else that would have gone to the pauper's daughter too. Sir Thomas died while Annie was young—only eighteen or so—and at his death the small pension regularly granted to Jane Gilbert ceased; and, habits of comparative luxury having induced a certain unthrift and indolence, Jane had fallen from poverty to ruin, and from ruin had slipped into the workhouse. Nurse Brown, on whom the secret lay heavily, wrote to Annie, and told her the whole story; signing the letter in her maiden name, and omitting to say that she was married—had been married many years, and was now the mother of a promising son, well to do in the world. If she had entered into her personal history, Annie would have known better how to trim her sails to the

storm when it came. But a letter from Nurse Brown, pleading for an unknown pauper called her mother, touched Annie's heart as little as it would have touched a heart of stone. She had no desire to seek out Jane, or to tell the world the truth about her birth; so she flung the letter into the fire, and never vouchsafed a reply. And when Mrs. Jones died, twelve years afterwards, her request was still unanswered, and the mother was still living in the parish workhouse. Annie at thirty was no softer than Annie at eighteen; the wife of Laurence Grantley was not more compassionate than the unmarried heiress of the Sibsons had been. Just before her death, Mrs. Jones told her son the story; and then Clarke thought how he saw his way to influence and profit, by making himself and Laurence Grantley co-partners in the secret; so he brought the news to the Hall, as we have seen, and struck the first blow on the wedge which was to raise the whole fabric of his fortunes. And now, by the strangest circumstances, Laurence Grantley and he were still more closely connected; and he had the power to make his bargain what he chose. So, Laurence gave him this affair of Jane Gilbert to manage, as a kind of instalment of the future; and Clarke Jones kept mysterious silence, and gave no hint to any one. He was playing for larger stakes than the mere pleasure of tattling.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

LAURENCE accepted his position bravely. If Clarke Jones was not the man to let go a hold once obtained, Laurence was not the man to let the world know he was so held. It was not his way to own to coercion of any kind: he would have worn handcuffs as if they had been ornamental toys, and always made a merit of yielding when he could not resist, thus preserving at least the semblance of free-will. He never let Clarke Jones see that he felt himself in his power; indeed, the lawyer was not quite certain that Laurence knew he was in his power, for nothing could make him betray himself. Let Jones probe him as he would, not a muscle ever quivered, not the faintest glance betrayed uneasiness, not the lightest word expressed consciousness. Off-hand, cordial, kindly, he seemed rather to court Clarke's society from choice than to take it as thrust upon him by the untoward force of circumstances. Every thing was done so freely, there was such a grace and richness of manner, such a royal kind of familiarity, that Clarke Jones was puzzled; not able to determine to his own satisfaction how much was real and how much simulated in their intercourse. What was real, however, was the good which he determined to get for



himself, and the use he would make of his knowledge. Accordingly, he set to work, running his mines here and there, till he had completely honey-combed Laurence Grantley's life, and filled both his hands to overflowing. He got every thing he wished; Laurence always forestalling the request, and proposing, apparently out of pure goodwill, what he knew would be demanded of him. Thus, Clarke Jones coveted the stewardship of the Grantley estates, and Laurence, with consummate tact, provided for Deedham, the faithful old servant who had given him his first lessons in fishing and shooting, and who loved him like a son, raising him to an apparently higher post with a higher salary, whereby the old man was flattered, not humiliated; and then Clarke Jones was asked to become general agent, with an acting bailiff under him. Then, Warner, the London lawyer, whose family had been the Grantley lawyers for three generations, gradually lost his Grantley business. Bit by bit, it slipped out of his hands into Mr. Jones', who manipulated it prettily, and what is called "feathered his nest" with it in grand style. But all these transfers were made so naturally that Jones could never say he had put on the screw, and such and such were the results. It was a great power that Laurence had of making the best of a thing. But he felt his bondage painfully. It was an ever sense of degradation which at times ate away his very manliness, though he wrapped gay silken bandages round his chains to prevent their clanking audibly, and hummed his prison tunes to lofty words.

The gentlemen in the neighborhood spoke much of this excessive intimacy between the highest and the lowest, the most refined and the most vulgar of the district. Old Mrs. Grantley loftily remonstrated; but Laurence compressed his lips, and said that he "knew what he was about, and that what he did, was for the best. He allowed no further remark." Strange to say, Mrs. Grantley forbore to renew the conversation. So Clarke Jones drove a thriving trade with his two secrets; got money in every possible manner, legally and illegally—by fair work fairly paid for, and by unfair wages for no work; got Laurence Grantley to back him in speculations of various kinds; got Laurence to introduce him everywhere, and to make him a position unattainable else; got his influence, his credit, his hand; and, on the strength of all this, rose rapidly to prosperity, and was soon suffered to take a recognized place in the society of gentlemen. But vinegar mouths were still made at him, and this last Grantley pill was bitter swallowing to many.

The old Hall had changed mistresses to some good. Queenly and expensive, Mrs. Grantley was a very different person to mean Annie Sibson, who counted her half-crowns like drops of blood, and thought all pleasures that cost money, sinful follies. The old house warmed up again into something of its native brightness. Dinners and balls, luncheon parties, picnics, archery meetings, were given in artistic succession: duly regulated by the strictest laws of "mitigated grief," as expounded by Mrs. Grantley. And once more the family became the centre of gravitating society, the loadstone to which all the floating particles were attracted. May Sefton was a frequent visitor; beautiful May, with her rose-cheeks rounding into brighter beauty, and her blue eyes full of liquid light: May, with the love which had been so long germinating in her heart, now blossoming out over her life, and, from a fancy and a sentiment, becoming a presence and a power: May, in all the rich spring-tide of her youth, given up to happiness and love. Laurence loved her; she knew it now; and what else was needed to make earth bright as heaven? But Laurence, though he loved and was happy in his love, yet had changed to something less tranquil than his former self—less tranquil than he used to be even during the period of his greatest depression while Annie lived. In outward manner he was the same as ever, suave, frank, popular; but a close observer would have seen how the lines about his face were set and hardened, how his eyes had a searching, watchful look as if he were looking and listening for something, how the hair was rapidly changing from rich chestnut brown to dull gray, and how the hands had an ugly habit of clenching themselves, as if clutching at an enemy's throat. But who read signs like these? Medical men and artists, none else; and as the only doctor in the neighborhood was not extraordinarily observant, and as artists were as much unknown in those parts as birds of Paradise or long-legged flamingoes, all these signs passed unmarked and unnoticed.

That May and Laurence were lovers was known solely to themselves. The only person who might suspect it was Mrs. Grantley; but Mrs. Grantley was discreet, and now that the property was redeemed and it was not incumbent on Laurence to marry a second time for money, she had no objection to his marrying for love. Excepting Mrs. Grantley, then, no one could penetrate the love between them; for Laurence in society, was cold and reserved, and of all the unmarried women in the place May Sefton was the woman who apparently had least of his regard. If he were cold, Clarke Jones was

warm enough; and if he sought diligently to conceal his love, the forward lawyer made no secret of his admiration. Laurence bore this, as he bore every thing now, with unflinching self-possession: never showing jealousy or annoyance; showing nothing at all, in fact, but what a thin line of compressed lip, and a burning flush on the pale, hard cheek might express.

Yet it was not one of his lightest pains to know, that, but for the extraordinary intimacy between himself and the lawyer, the help he had given towards the consolidation of those low plebeian fortunes, and the social countenance received from the highest family in the neighborhood, Clarke Jones would not have presumed to raise his eyes to May's with any thing like the admiration of an equal. Yet now, to what might he not pretend? And Laurence dared not rise up against him as he longed and burned to do; for were there not chains on his wrists and fetters on his hands, and did not that fearful secret stand between them, like a spectre, paralyzing his every limb? Mental pains are oftentimes worse to bear than physical suffering; and Laurence would have gladly exchanged those which beset him now, for any anguish of the flesh which man or demon could have devised. As for May, she was too happy on the one side, and too indifferent on the other, to be very demonstrative, even of her disgust; so Clarke Jones went blundering on in his rude, bear-like attempts, which amused no one but himself; and if he saw the effect they produced,—which he did not always,—he did not let his knowledge interfere with his design, but made sure that he would carry all before him as usual. Clarke Jones had grown dangerously accustomed to success. In this manner above a year passed after Annie's death, when the slow course of time brought round the bright spring, and life woke up anew.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE death and gloom of winter, and all the terrible associations connected with it, melted away, like the snow on the mountain-tops; and in their stead came spring flowers and sunny skies, and the blessed renewal of all life. And now, was not Laurence happy? With May's dear hand in his, and her loving face pressed against his breast, could he not forget? Could he not bury his dead, once for all, and live in the joy and glory of the hour? For moments, yes; but they were only moments, snatched like golden drops from the rainbow spanning the dark bank of clouds. Yet if not happier, he was more tranquil, for he was planning a future that should withdraw him from the terrible

influence over him. Grantley Hall was to be sold, and Laurence and his wife would leave England forever. It would be no grievous exile in a sunny Italian villa, sitting under the myrtles and the vines, with beautiful May Sefton for his wife. And she would think a desert paradise enough if it brought them nearer heart to heart, and left them suffering together. Though, indeed, May thought that could be no suffering which gave them to each other.

The birds were singing blithely in the trees, and the skylarks made the fields and meadows loud with song; the wandering airs came laden with odors fresh and pure from the grass and flowers just wet with the soft spring rain that had been falling in the sunshine; and all nature looked as bright and joyous as if sin had never been born of man, and death and sorrow had never entered the world. They were engaged lovers now, and were soon to be married; but the secret was still to be kept from all the world save the two mothers, and the marriage was to be as private as a stolen one. What cared May? Her life was in his love; her pride, her joy, her happiness, all centred in him, and the outside world was nothing to her.

Yes, that morning Laurence was happy. He forgot the shadow beside him, and lived only in the sunshine; there was no blood in the waters of Black Tarn; no secret chain that bound him as the slave of another; there were no sorrow and no crime in the past, no doubt and no dread in the future. All earth was bright, all life a joy.

Laurence, make the best of this little hour of spring-tide passed with May under the ancestral lime-trees? It is all that God and justice can give. Years hence, long blank years hence, you will remember this sunny spring morning, and the scent of the lime blossoms will haunt you forever as the message and the word of a lost heaven!

Clarke Jones did not see that Laurence was in love, and only half suspected that May, who was more impulsive, and had no other motive than obedience for concealment, loved him. Laurence carefully concealed his feelings from the lawyer—he had his own good reasons for doing so—and Jones was too inflated with success to read the heart of another man very accurately, or to have his senses sharpened by the fear of rivalry. He had become accustomed to the belief that every thing must give way to his wishes; May Sefton's love among the rest.

One day—it was the afternoon of this very spring day, the happiest of all May's life—he stole upon her as she walked, restless with joy, up and down the lane leading

to the Hall, recalling every word and look and gesture of that glorious morning, and living over again the divine joy of her hour of betrothal. Startling her from this heaven of thought, Clarke Jones suddenly stood before her. Without a moment's warning, in his rude, coarse, bull-headed way he told her that he had a mind for her, that he would make good settlements on her, and that she might do worse than take him. He had no grand name like Laurence Grantley's, certainly, but he had an honest one and was a safer man (with a thick spluttering emphasis), and Laurence Grantley would never be husband to her, if that was what she was thinking of—never! And he snapped his fingers in the air.

May's blood was roused. May, all gentleness and kindness, flamed up now, infuriate and inspired by her great love. She spurned the man with the bitterest disgust; hard words rose with dangerous power to her lips; a fierce eloquence possessed her; and Clarke Jones was for a moment overwhelmed at the transformation.

"Ah!" he said at last, drawing a deep breath, "this is because you love Grantley! A word, miss, from me; a word that I could say, and he would be nowhere. A pitiful scoundrel he is—a sneaking dog, that I hold in my hand, and could crush—there! like that!" setting his heel on a worm that lay in his path. "Yes, with one word I could crush him like that; and by Jove, if you give me the chance—or the cause—I will!"

"How dare you thus insult me?" cried May, with a passionate gesture.

"I don't insult you, miss. If I speak the truth of Laurence Grantley do I insult you? Things have come to a pretty pass! Has that scoundrel been poaching on my manor, I wonder? By Jove, if he has—I want to know my place, miss—"

"Know your place?" interrupted May; "your place is lower than Mr. Grantley's lowest servant! You desecrate his name by speaking it; you are not fit to mention him in any way!" May rushed scornfully away through the Grantley gate.

She met Laurence in the walk. May threw herself into her lover's arms, crying, "Laurence! save me from that monster!"

Her distress, Clarke Jones' excitement and undisguised insolence of manner, told Laurence all. He put May gently away, and bade her go up to his mother in the Hall; then, livid, and with the expression that he had had when his wife had taunted him on the crags above the Tarn, he turned round, seized Clarke Jones, and with the heavy dog-whip in his hand, flogged him. The lawyer struggled to defend himself; but Laurence was the more powerful man;

and now, with his long-smothered passions let loose, and his hatred bracing his nerves and muscles, he was desperately strong. Lash on lash, blow on blow, the whole pent-up heart poured out in blows and words of scorn and insult. At last, wearied with his own passion, he flung the wretch heavily to the ground, and strode up the broad gravel-walk towards the house.

Clarke Jones went home, and for the next fortnight was invisible to every one—"laid up by illness," according to report.

The wedding-day came on quickly. All cause of secrecy was now at an end, and Laurence was almost boastful as to publicity. He was not himself through it all, he was excited and defiant; talked loud; talked fast; told all his feelings and intentions in a manner quite unlike his usual reticent pride, and seemed to find a certain strength of hope, a certain comfort of conviction, in reiterating to all what "he was going to do." But it sounded rather like a challenge given to some one, than the natural exposition of a man's own mind. The preparations went on, in the same ostentatious way. It was to be a grander marriage than even the first had been.

All this time Clarke Jones was confined to his own house, suffering severely from fever and general indisposition. But, on the morning of the marriage, and while May, in her bridal dress, was waiting to be taken to church—one arm in a sling, his face strapped and bandaged—he limped to the house, and demanded instant speech with her. A heavy bribe got him admitted to where she sat, alone.

"Miss May," he said, suddenly.

She started up and gave a cry.

"Come! No screams!" he said, insolently; "you are in my power at last! Hear me!" He bent down close to her face. "You are going to be his wife; to be to him what Annie Sibson was; to lie by his side where she lay, and to live on the gold which she brought. One word in your ear: one word to tell you *whom* you marry. Keep still, little bird; see! the very blood has come from your struggles, and is falling from your arm on to your dress! Fie! fie! Blood on your bridal dress? Now keep still, and I'll tell you a pretty little tale I heard one day on the cliffs above Black Tarn—keep still, I say, till I tell you my story."

He bent his lips to her ear and whispered his revelation; then, with a low laugh, cried, "Now go marry Laurence Grantley, with blood upon your bridal dress!" and releasing her suddenly, limped out of the room.

A scream rang through the startled house. The bridesmaids and May's mother rushed to her. Crouched in a corner, white and

scared, her hair fallen loose, her eyes wild and fixed, her pale lips muttering "Murder, murder!" and "Laurence!" and the blood dropping heavily on her dress, they found her. Too late. In three days she died.

Years after, Laurence Grantley was seen, a bent, aged, withered man, standing on the crags above Black Tarn. The man who saw him—old Deedham's son—spoke to him, but

Laurence did not answer, and was never seen again. During that same summer, the waters drying more than usual, a dead man's hand lay uncovered in the Tarn; and men whispered to each other that it was the hand of the former owner of Grantley Hall. No one cared to verify the suspicion, and the grave of the last of the Grantleys is still unfilled in the family mausoleum.

"PORTRAITS" of Garibaldi abound in the newspapers. One of the most characteristic is the following extracted from the letter of a lady at Naples:—

"I have seen to-day the face of Garibaldi, and now all the devotion of his friends is made as clear as day to me. You have only to look into his face, and you feel that there is, perhaps, the one man in the world in whose service you would take your heart in your hand and follow him blindfold to death. I never altogether understood that feeling until his presence made it clear to me. It is the individual man and his personal influence that are so strong; but then it is the man exalted and sanctified, as it were, by his own single-minded devotion to and faith in a holy cause; and it is that which you see in his face, as though written in letters of light, and which carries on your thoughts from him as the man to him as the type and representative of his cause. One could love the cause without seeing him, but in seeing him one seems to be suddenly gifted with the power of seeing it as he sees it, and you love it better for his sake, and you wholly honor and admire him for its sake. I have often asked our Marine officers who have seen him to describe him to me. They get on swimmingly about his shoulders, and chest, and head, and beard; and then they desire with all their might to describe his expression—but there they stop and gasp. Neither can I describe it to you. I can only say that it explains that devotion to the death, and, what is more, that faith in doing what the prudent world at large considers an impossibility, for his sake; it makes that feeling appear to you the simplest and most natural thing in the world. His wonderful simplicity and forgetfulness of self win the love of all; it is not the grand iron-willed hero who determines of his own strength to carry his undertaking through. I do not wonder at the conviction which prevails of his having been raised up by Providence; he seems to feel that this is the work given him to do, and that he could not leave it undone, but that it is no more credit to him than it is to a joiner to make a stool, whose mission it is to make stools. It is a face in which the whole character is written—simple,

grand, and loving. . . . It is difficult to describe the excitement. After about an hour, came up the red shirt on a carriage-horse, with its blinkers on, to give warning that Garibaldi was coming, and then the cheering rose louder and louder as the carriage came slowly along, and there he was without a bit of state—three red shirts with their backs to the carriage, himself and another man in the seat of honor, and three more in a stuck-up rumble behind—such fine old heads, with whitened beards, and all with their red shirts covered with purple stains like English hunting coats which have been through sundry squire-traps. Their earnest, calm, sunburnt faces spoke of different work from running up and down a street shouting; but what could we poor little contemptible people do except shout and clap our hands? All our party were assembled in the balcony; and, as happy chance would have it, long before he came up to us he turned his face our way, our group caught his eye, and until he came under our balcony, and had to turn his face quite up to see us, he kept his steady look fixed on us—why, I don't know, for surely, there were prettier dresses and fresher faces all around. I am too well content chance had it so, so that we could watch deliberately the deep, true, sweet expression of those eyes. We had armfuls of flowers to throw down, but that kind of thing seemed so small before that wonderful 'regard,' that I only let mine drop on the people below. I was told that I should never see so fine a sight as Paris welcoming home her heroes last summer—the Army of Italy; but this one carriage full of weather-beaten elderly men was far grander—not the sight of a monarch who makes war for his own ambition in one way or other, but of the triumph of moral force and single-minded devotion. I wish I could convey to you an idea of how he looked, like a dear old weather-beaten angel."

VICTOR HUGO has at last finished his great prose romance, a companion picture to "Notre Dame de Paris." It is called "Les Misérables," and is to appear forthwith. His publisher pays 50,000*fr.* for the first edition.

From Once a Week.

CAROLINE L. HERSCHEL, SOPHIE GERMAIN, AND MRS. SOMERVILLE.

I AM not aware whether others have made the observation, but it appears to me that the repugnance of our sex to "learned ladies" does not affect female mathematicians. Our jests are levelled at the literary women; and yet more, at the "philosophers," or those who study psychology, in a German, French, or English form. I should say "jest*s were* levelled," but that there are still publications and men antiquated enough to attempt to keep up the old insolence and the old joke, after society in general has arrived at better taste; for the reason, possibly, that there are still women (a few in England, and not a few in America,) who are antiquated enough to make themselves foolish and disagreeable, instead of wise and companionable, through their pursuit of knowledge. I need not enlarge on this; for there is no pleasure, and at this time of day no profit in contemplating pedantry on the one hand, or scoffing on the other. I have referred to the old and worn-out topic only because it appears to me that if female mathematicians and physical discoverers have escaped the insults, and almost the criticism, bestowed on literary women half a century ago, it must be because their pursuits carry their own test with them. The attainments of such women are not a matter of opinion, but of fact. Man or woman may be mistaken about his or her comprehension of Kant's apparatus of Conditions, or accuracy in the reading of dead languages; but there can be no deception of self or others as to the reality of knowledge in the science of Space and Numbers; or the detection of new agencies in nature which can be brought to the test. Even where this is questioned, on account of the many false starts in discovery that have been made, up to this time, the doubt is, not about the reality of the knowledge, but the correctness of the inferences of the discoverer. On the whole, we may, I think, fairly say, that in the scientific departments of human knowledge women rank equally with men in respect of society. Whether they have equal access to that field of knowledge is another affair.

Let us look at two or three recently dead or still living, and see what aspects they present.

The senior of the three (German, French, and English), whom our own generation may have seen, was both a mathematician and a physical discoverer. Caroline Lucretia Herschel, the sister of Sir William Herschel, was the German. She was born at Hanover (March 16th, 1750), and lived there till she was one-and-twenty. She was sixteen, and her brother eight-and-twenty when he, in England, began to attend to astronomy; the whole family being supposed to be engrossed by music, as they were certainly devoted to it professionally. It is not, therefore, likely that Caroline was prepared by education for scientific pursuit in any other direction; and her taking it up at last, in order to assist her brother, seems to show that she had no original overmastering genius for science, such as must have taken her out of the ordinary conditions of female life, but that the labors of her life from that time forward were a merely natural exercise of perfectly natural powers. She came over to England as soon as she was old enough (one-and-twenty) to keep her brother's house at Bath, where he was organist to a chapel. She was his helper and sympathizer in the astronomical pursuits which were his delight, as his best recreation from his professional business. She worked out his calculations when he had provided the elements: she watched with an anxiety like his own the production of the telescope he made because he could not afford to buy one; and when he discovered a planet, ten years after she had joined him, she enjoyed the triumph and its results very keenly. The king gave Brother William, £300 a year, and called him Astronomer to the Court; and the (then) bachelor brother and his staid sister removed to Slough, to do as they liked for the rest of their lives.

Thus far, it may be said that Caroline Herschel appears as the devoted sister, doing her best to help her brother, whose pursuits happened to be scientific; but that there is nothing remarkable, happily, in that spectacle. This is very true: but now occurs the spectacle which does appear remarkable to all who have heard of it.

Throughout the longest nights of the year,—the astronomer's summer, or season of fruits,—a light was seen burning in the observatory at Slough as often as the sky was clear, and disappearing only when the dawn was putting out the stars. Under that light



sat Caroline Herschel, noting in silence the observations of her brother, who was at his telescope in the next chamber. If he was silent, she had occupation in working up his calculations; and then nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock, and the moving of his telescope. To be his secretary required no little learning; but to achieve the vast calculations by which his observations were rendered available, required algebraical accomplishments of an order very unusual among women. As "astronomer's assistant," she was salaried by the king; and in the discharge of her office, she read her brother's clocks, and did all the routine part of his work. This might have been thought enough for a good German housekeeper, who sat up till daylight for the greater part of the winter: but she had scientific interests of her own. Her brother had constructed a smaller telescope for her; and when he was away from home she spent many a night alone in the observatory, looking out for unrecorded stars, and for unsuspected comets. She had new nebulae and clusters of stars to furnish to her brother's catalogues when he returned: and she discovered seven comets in eleven years,—five of which had certainly never been noted before. Her first work, which supplied omissions in the British catalogue to the extent of five hundred and sixty-one stars, observed by Flamsteed, was published by the Royal Society. Eight years after her brother's death, and her own return to Hanover, and when she was eighty years old, she was presented with the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of England, and elected an honorary member of that body, in consequence of her completion of a catalogue of the clusters of stars and nebulae observed by her brother, and, though she did not say so, by herself. She lived on till ninety-seven, a perfect exemplification of the best effects of intellectual pursuit of a high order on the whole nature. Her frame was healthy; her mind was serene; her intellect was clear till just the last; her affections were through life genial and faithful; her manners modest and simple; and her old age tranquil and dignified. There is no trace, in her whole career, of any sort of contemptuous usage on account of her scientific tendencies; and the respect with which she was treated at Windsor first, and afterwards by the king and court at Hanover,

till her death in 1848, seems to have been the natural expression of what was felt by everybody who witnessed or heard of the facts and manner of her life.

Next comes the French lady, who was born later and died earlier than Caroline Herschel.

Sophie Germain began her career in a very different way. Hers was a case of such a preponderance of the mathematical faculties that they regulated her whole mind and life. She loved poetry, as many mathematicians have done; and she insisted that the division set up between reason and imagination was arbitrary and false. We now and then hear from superficial persons an expression of wonder that the finest taste is found in those who are conspicuous for judgment; but Mademoiselle Germain would have wondered more if the case had been otherwise; for she saw how the decisions of reason must harmonize with the principles of taste. Goodness was, in her eyes, order; and wisdom was the discernment of fundamental order. As fixed relations exist among all truths and all objects, and the discovery of any one may lead to the discernment of any number, no heights of speculations astonished, and no flights of fancy disconcerted her. She was mathematical if ever human being was so; but this did not mean that she was prosaic, rigid, and narrow. She was qualified for large and philosophical criticism in literature, no less than for inquiry into the theory of numbers; and she applied herself, amidst the tortures of death by cancer, to exhibit the state of, not only the sciences, but of literature at different periods of their culture. This was the subject of her posthumous work.

Her faculty for abstract conception and the pursuit of abstract knowledge did not wait for occasion to show itself. Yet, at the outset, as at the close, it manifested itself in close alliance with the imagination and the moral powers. As a child she read of the serene life of Archimedes amidst the three years' siege of Syracuse; and the story impressed her so deeply that she longed to make for herself a refuge in mathematical studies from the excitements and terrors of the great revolution then raging, and likely to rage for long. It was in "Montucla's History of Mathematics" that she had found the account of the life and heroic death of

Archimedes which so moved her; and she studied the book, being then thirteen, with a patience and courage altogether consistent with her view of moral order—unable to understand whole portions of it, but first ascertaining how much she could understand, and resolving to master the rest, sooner or later. The more terrible the prophecies she heard in her father's drawing-room (he being a member of the Constituent Assembly, and therefore living in political society) the more strenuously did little Sophie apply her faculties to this History of Mathematics and the studies it indicated, to the amazement of her family, who could not conceive why she was suddenly engrossed in the study of Euler. They were not only amazed but displeased; and among other modes of opposition they took away all her clothes at night, when the weather was so cold as to freeze the ink in the glass. Sophie quietly rose, when they were all asleep, wrapped herself in the bedclothes, and pursued her studies. The elementary books she could lay hold of were not such as we have to learn from now. They were full of faults and omissions, according to our present view; and they gave her more trouble than her family did. She advanced beyond those books, however; and in time her family let her alone. During the Reign of Terror she made herself mistress of the Differential Calculus of Cousin. Times improved for her when society was so far settled as that the Normal and Polytechnic schools of Paris were opened. By one device or another she obtained the notes of many of the professors' lessons; and she was presently bewitched by Lagrange's new and luminous analysis. It was the custom for such students as desired it to offer their observations in writing to the professor, at the close of his course. Sophie took advantage of this custom to get her notes handed in to Lagrange, as coming from a student; and great was the praise awarded to the mysterious student, whose real name was soon betrayed to the great man. He called on her, to praise and encourage her; and from that time she was known as a mathematician, and corresponded with by the most eminent scientific men, so that she had abundant facilities for progress. In correspondence with Gauss of Göttingen, she again wrote under an assumed name; but she was pres-

ently recognized, and thenceforward she attempted no concealment.

Her first specific enterprise illustrates her courage and perseverance as thoroughly as her whole life. Napoleon was dissatisfied that there was no scientific expression of the results of the curious experiments of Chladni on the vibrations of elastic metal plates; and he offered an extraordinary prize if the Institute could discover the mathematical laws of those vibrations. Lagrange at once declared the thing impossible; that is, it would require a new species of analysis. Few would have thought of proceeding in the face of such an opinion: but Sophie said, "My dear master, why not try?" After a world of study, she sent in, as the result, an equation of the movement of elastic surfaces. It was faulty; and she saw why. But for the irregularity of her mathematical education the failure could not have happened; and she set to work to remedy the evil. She actually produced the new kind of analysis which Lagrange had declared to be necessary, and he was the first to applaud the feat. Moreover, he obtained the exact equation from her scheme. She herself pursued the application, and obtained honorable mention for this second attempt. She was invited to enter again into the competition; and on this third occasion she succeeded completely. She declared that both Lagrange and Fourier had aided her by their suggestions; but they, and all others, said that a hint or two in the application of her method had nothing to do with the discovery of it, and insisted that the glory was her own without drawback. It does not appear that glory was any object to her in comparison with progress in knowledge. She wrought out the applications of her own methods, and supplied several theorems to Legendre on the theory of numbers, which he published in the supplement to his second edition; and the further she went in mathematics the more widely she extended her studies in other departments, especially chemistry, physics, geography, and the history of philosophy, science, and literature. She employed her analytic faculty in all directions, and manifested her synthetic power on every subject which she touched.

We are told that in her manners and conversation, the utmost grace of accuracy was

manifested. Her expression of her ideas and feelings, and her narrative of incidents were so precise, so brief, so perfect, that no improvement was possible, and every alteration must be for the worse. The same fitness, clearness, sincerity, appeared in all she did. Her life was not the less genial for this, nor her conversation the less lively and natural. It had a somewhat poetical cast, or seemed to have to those who were expecting to find "a mathematical prude," or a dry pedant.

She died in 1831, after long and cruel suffering, heroically borne. She was fifty-five years old—younger by a generation than Caroline Herschel, but dying seventeen years before her.

Meantime, the English, or rather Scotch woman had been reaching middle life, in the pursuit of the studies of both the others, and from the same natural aptitude.

This natural aptitude betrayed itself unexpectedly in Mrs. Somerville's case, in the midst of an ordinary girl's education, at the opening of this century. She lived at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, and was sent to school there, being remarked for nothing except docility, gentleness, and quietness. She learned to sew, as little girls should; and it was natural that, when she was at home, she should sit sewing in the window-seat of the room where her brother took his lessons from his tutor. His sister liked his mathematical lessons best; and she regularly laid hands on his Euclid, and carried it up to her own room, to go over the lesson by herself. One day, her brother was stopped by a difficulty, and, forgetting her secret, little Mary popped out the answer. The tutor started; the family inquired, and very sensibly let her alone. Professor Playfair was an intimate friend of the household; and not very long after the above incident, Mary found an opportunity to put a private question to the professor—Did he think it wrong for a girl to learn Latin? Not necessarily; but much depended on what it was for. Well, she wanted to study Newton's *Principia*, and that was the truth. The professor did not see any harm in this, if she liked to try. In a few months she was mastering the *Principia*.

Her first marriage was favorable to her line of study; or, I should rather say, to this particular one of her various studies.

She is a very accomplished woman—understands and speaks several languages; has in her day been an amateur artist of considerable merit, and was considered to play well on the harp. But when she married a naval officer who delighted in her sympathy in his professional studies, she made great progress, and, was becoming qualified for future achievements. Still, we do not hear of the gentle and quiet Mrs. Gregg being pointed out to general notice as a learned lady. The first that was generally heard of her, was when the children of her second marriage, two daughters, were almost grown up, and her son, Mr. Woronzow Gregg, was making his way in the world. She was then the wife of Dr. Somerville, physician of Chelsea Hospital. It was a pleasant house to go to—that airy house at Chelsea, where the host was always delighted to tell the stories of his wife's early studies, and to show, in the deep drawer full of diplomas, the tokens of her recent fame; and where the hostess was the model of a hostess, well dressed, genial, and hospitable, apparently with the constant blessings of a good cook, a neat house, and a perfect knowledge on her own part how to keep it. Her harp was in the corner, and her pictures on the walls; and there was the best society in London in her drawing-room.

This was when the impression of her first great work was fresh. Some experiments that she had made, showing the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, had before directed the attention of some philosophical inquirers to her capabilities; and when the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was set up, she was invited to prepare for it a popular version of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*." She accomplished the task, but not in a form suitable for the Society; and her work was published independently under the title of "*The Mechanism of the Heavens*." It was a radical mistake to set Mrs. Somerville to work on popular versions of scientific works. A different quality and character of mind is required for discovering abstract truths, and for putting them into a form which unscientific minds may comprehend. From her gentleness and simplicity, Mrs. Somerville was tractable, and undertook what she was told would be most useful; but the work was perplexing to her. When her first and second editions were sold in a wonderfully

short time, her publisher asked her, with all due deference, whether she could not simplify some parts of the book, so as to bring them down to the comprehension of ordinary readers. She tried, and declared it the most difficult thing she had ever attempted. What the publisher and others called simplifying, seemed to her to be obscuring and perplexing her sense. When she quitted the precision and brevity of scientific terms, she could never tell what the matter would spread out to. This should have put an end to all interference with her course, as it proved the error of expecting the same mind to supply the two methods of exposition—the scientific and the popular.

If her first great work indicated her mathematical powers, her next exhibited the course of her philosophical tastes. She had given a brief account of her view of the Connection of the Physical Sciences in the introduction to the "Mechanism of the Heavens;" and this view formed the groundwork of her second book. It is very interesting in its disclosures to unlearned persons, and as indicating the direction and variety of her studies; but it is defective in the masterly closeness, directness, and precision which her mind was capable of when dealing with mathematical truths. Its popularity amazed her, and delighted her friends; who, for the most part were unaware of the extent to which the country could furnish a reading public for scientific works, and who had mistaken the reasons for the failure of the publications of the Diffusion Society. One edition after another had to be prepared; and most conscientiously did Mrs. Somerville apply herself to improve each one as it was demanded. She was not the sort of author to write more books than she otherwise would, because she was sure of a favorable reception for any thing she would publish. As far as I know, there is only one more book of hers; and that was issued many years later, when she had long resided abroad. This work, "Physical Geography," appeared in 1848.

A characteristic feature of Mrs. Somerville's taste appears in the dedications of her books, and indeed in their being dedicated at all. Not only recoiling from innovation in almost all ways, but somewhat old-fashioned in her habits of mind, she has through life taken pains to do what was

proper, and in that anxiety has made such few and superficial mistakes as she has made. They are not worth a reference except for the light they cast on the force of her abstract faculties. She who dedicated her works (one to the queen, and another to Sir J. Herschel), in the fashion of a former age, when author and readers had not been brought face to face; she who, because she was advised, not only went to court, but took her daughters there; she who allowed her portrait to be prefixed to one of her own works; she who has always carefully kept abreast of a cautious conventionalism, and dreaded manifesting any originality except in one direction, has been so inspired in that direction as to be unconscious of the peculiarity which all the world was admiring. Hence her security from being spoiled. In 1853, she was chosen an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the learned societies of every civilized country followed this lead, till, as I said, she had a deep drawer full of diplomas; but neither this nor any other form of homage ever made the slightest difference in her manners, or seemed to occupy any part of her thoughts. Sitting beside old Dr. Dalton, on the sofa, talking of the atomic theory, or what not, she never perceived that the eyes of many strangers were upon her, and that the great men of the scientific world were trying to catch the tones of her voice. Her partial absence of mind is another evidence of the character and action of her intellect. No one can be further from what is called "absent" in society. No one can be more awake and alive to the conversation and the interests of others; yet her husband used to amuse himself, and astonish an occasional guest by proving how long it took to stir her up from her studies. She did not need an elaborate privacy for her pursuits. She used the family sitting-room, when studying or writing; and, as soon as she was fairly engaged, her husband would begin libelling her in extravagant terms, and in a loud voice, without making her look up, till, at last, when he shouted her name, she would ask if he was speaking to her, and be surprised to see everybody laughing. Hers is the strongest and clearest case possible of a special intellectual organization, compelling its own exercise in simplicity and honor.

Mrs. Somerville has been lost sight of,

though never forgotten, for many years. About twenty years since, the health of Dr. Somerville caused the removal of the family to Italy, whence they have never returned, Dr. Somerville having died at the age of ninety-three, a few weeks ago.

Their friends felt a sort of indignation at an incident which occurred soon after their departure. Of all people in Europe, Mrs. Somerville was the one who could by no means obtain a proper view of the comet of 1843. The only accessible telescope of value was in the observatory of a Jesuit convent, in Tuscany, where no woman was allowed to cross the threshold. This indignation in England looks like evidence that the world

has advanced in its intellectual and moral liberties.

Whatever the Tuscan Jesuits might think of her case, I believe that Mrs. Somerville and all her many friends would say, if asked, that they never heard of a disrespectful word being spoken of her, in connection with her powers and her pursuits. Her work is over, for she is almost seventy years of age; and it is not a case in which death is required to silence levity or sarcasm; for there is none of either to put to shame. Under such circumstances, we may reasonably hope that these female mathematicians may be, indeed, representative women,—leaders of an honorable and increasing class.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

"Particulars regarding General Moreau," furnished by Sir John Sinclair.

"GENERAL MOREAU is a man of frank, unserved manners, with an honest countenance and convivial disposition, of some acquired knowledge, having received a liberal education, and much natural quickness of perception. He has a good library, and has acquired enough of the language to converse with tolerable facility in English. He resides in winter at New York, receiving much company, and in summer at a country house he has bought on the Delaware, between New York and Philadelphia, where he spends his time in shooting and fishing. He entertains the highest opinion of the talents of his fortunate rival, and the worst possible of his principles. He believes that B— really intends an invasion of England, or at least intended it some years ago; and he, M—, thinks it difficult, but by no means impracticable. B— did not expect to effect a conquest, but a destruction of the principal arsenals, and to dictate a peace in the capital. Neither B— nor M— have or had a high opinion of the British army, at least as to skill. The experience that army has acquired within a few years, and the unquestionable proofs of courage and discipline they have given, may have, and I think have, altered their opinions. B— never at any time intended to put himself at the head of the invading army, much less now. M— says that the best generals are not employed by B— who wants none near him but such to whom he may *donner des coups de pied dans les os des jambes*: and that they do nothing well without him. I do not think that General M— has any political correspondence in

France. I know he considers any attempt to overthrow the present government as vain. He thinks B—'s destruction is likely to come from his own army, when exasperated by extreme hardships or any reverse of fortune. M— has still a predilection to a republican government, and some idea that it would have answered in France, which is certainly no evidence of his wisdom. He has a respect for the British government and national character. Mr. Jefferson and his party avoided showing any attention to General M—, for fear of displeasing B—.

HERO WORSHIP.—The Haytien papers relate the following curious story:—

"Among the Acul mountains there has been found, in an old house, a bust of Lord Nelson. It is of white marble, somewhat stained by time and neglect. Nelson is represented in his costume of admiral, and bears on his breast five decorations. One in commemoration of the battle of Aboukir, has the inscription: 'Rear Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile.' Another medal bears the words: 'Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's glory!'

"This bust, interesting in its artistic and historical association, was found on an altar devoted to the *fetish* worship, where for half a century it has been revered as the Deity of the Mountain Streams. The names of the sculptors were 'Coale and Lealy, of Lambeth.'

"Thus for fifty years a bust of an English admiral has been worshipped as a heathen idol.

"The finder of the statue has refused an offer of five hundred dollars for it."



## THE BLESSING AFTER SERVICE.

I WAS within a house of prayer,  
And many a wounded heart was there;  
And many an aching head was bowed,  
Humbly amidst the kneeling crowd;  
Nor marvel—where earth's children press,  
There must be thought of bitterness.

Oh! in the change of human life—  
The anxious wish, the toil, the strife—  
How much we know of grief and pain,  
Ere one short week comes round again!  
Bend every knee, lift every heart;  
We need God's blessing ere we part.

Then sweetly through the hallowed bound,  
Woke the calm voice of solemn sound;  
And gladly many a listening ear  
Watched, that pure tone of love to hear;  
And on each humbled heart, and true,  
God's holy blessing fell like dew.

Like dew on summer's thirsty flowers;  
On the mown grass, like softest showers;  
On the parched earth like blessed rain  
That calls the spring bloom back again.  
Oh! to how many a varied sigh,  
Did that sweet benison reply!

"The peace that God bestows,  
Through him who died and rose;  
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,  
Be known in every mind,  
The broken heart to bind;  
And bless ye, travellers, as ye journey on!

"Ye who have known to weep  
Where your beloved sleep;  
Ye who have poured the deep, the bitter cry,  
God's blessing be as balm,  
The fevered soul to calm,  
And wondrous peace each troubled mind supply.

"Young man, whose cheek is bright  
With nature's warmest light;  
Whilst youth and health thy veins with pure  
blood swell,  
Let the remembrance be  
Of thy God blest to thee,  
Peace passing understanding guard thee well.

"Parents, whose thoughts afar,  
Turn where your children are,  
In their still graves, or beneath foreign skies;  
This hour God's blessing come,  
Cheer the deserted home,  
And peace with dovelike wings around you rise.

"Ere this week's strife begin—  
The war without, within;  
The Triune God, with spirit and with power,

Now on each bended head  
His wondrous blessing shed,  
And keep you all, through every troubled hour."

And then within the holy place  
Was silence for a moment's space;  
Such silence that you seemed to hear  
The holy dove's wings hovering near;  
And the still blessing, far and wide,  
Fell like the dew at evening-tide;  
And ere we left the house of prayer,  
We knew that peace descended there;  
And through the week of strife and din,  
We bore its wondrous seal within.

—*Scenes in our Parish.*

## COUSIN JANE.

WHAT do people think of her,  
Our Cousin Jane?  
With a sallow, sunken cheek;  
Hair with many a silver streak;  
Features never made for show;  
Eyes that faded long ago;  
Brow no longer smooth and fair;  
Form bent o'er with pain and care;  
Sad to be so old and plain—  
Slighted Cousin Jane!

What do we all think of her,  
Our Cousin Jane?  
Quieting the children's noise;  
Mending all the broken toys;  
Doing deftly, one by one,  
Duties others leave undone;  
Gliding round the sick one's bed,  
With a noiseless foot and tread,  
Who like her can soothe in pain—  
Useful Cousin Jane!

What do angels think of her,  
Our Cousin Jane?  
Bearing calmly every cross,  
Finding gain through seeming loss,  
And a beauty ever bright  
In the rigid line of right;  
Self-forgetting, free from art,  
With a loving, Christ-like heart;  
Living aye for other's gain—  
Saintly Cousin Jane!

Would that thinking oft of her—  
Our Cousin Jane—  
Might our inward vision clear,  
To behold the "unseen" near,  
And in forms of dullest hue,  
Heaven's own beauty shining through.  
Reached—that land of purest day;  
Passed—misjudging earth away;  
What radiance will she then attain—  
Star-crowned Cousin Jane!

—*Independent.*

Z. D. E.